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THE YENAN WAY

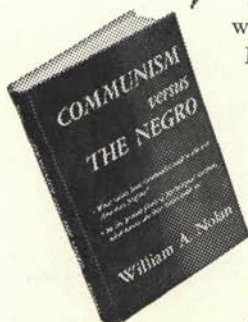
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American

MERCURY

VOL. LXXIV

JANUARY 1952

NO. 337

TWENTY-NINTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Founded by Henry L. Mencken

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Published monthly by the H-M Publishing Corp., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, Canada and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$4.00 in all other countries. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 251 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1952 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved. Protection secured under the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or part without permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

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This is The Pivotal Year



***In the
Mercury's
Opinion***

IN 1926, in this magazine, a wise man, Henry L. Mencken, wrote:

The American State has taken on a vast mass of new duties and responsibilities; it has spread out its powers until they penetrate to every act of the citizen, however secret; it has begun to throw around its operations the high dignity and impeccability of a state religion; its agents become a separate and superior caste, with authority to bind and loose, and their thumbs in every pot. But the state still remains, as it was in the beginning, the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men.

That was in 1926. But as early as 1776 the patriots began warning Americans to watch out for the one old and certain enemy which could destroy their dream: the burgeoning state. Tom Paine warned: "Government, even in its most restrained form, is but a necessary evil." Thomas Jefferson warned: "The best governed people are the least governed people." James Madison, in 1794, warned: "Free men must guard against the old trick of turning every contingency into a re-

source for accumulating force in government." And on down to Woodrow Wilson who, speaking in New York on September 9, 1912, warned: "The history of liberty is the history of limitations of governmental power, not the increase of it."

Here is a fact: of all the liberal minds, between 1776 and 1933, which contemplated the American experiment and wished it well — every one of those minds foresaw that the one enemy most likely to destroy America was burgeoning bureaucracy. The chief concern of the men who created the American union was how to restrain the government; and, until 1933, this concern was the mark of an American liberal.

But around 1930 there appeared in this country a group of people calling themselves "Liberals" who wanted to extend, not restrain, government power. These were men like Felix Frankfurter and Dean Acheson and Alger Hiss and Harry Hopkins. They described themselves as Fabian Socialists or Democrats or just plain "Liberals." They equated their "Liberalism" with state socialism; they gazed hopefully toward Moscow; and what they wanted, under whatever name, was more and more state power. On every campus and farm and in every factory they spread confusion by insisting that, in the name of "Liberalism," the government of the United States

should be "big enough" to guarantee "social security" to every citizen.

Would not this big government mean big taxes and big debt? Perhaps, said the new "Liberals," but the taxes would be collected from the "economic royalists" and government debt didn't matter.

Where can this trend toward bigger and bigger government be halted? the true liberals inquired. "It won't be halted," replied Mr. Hopkins. "We'll spend and spend, tax and tax, and elect and elect."

This new "Liberalism" became so fashionable that any youth, professor, actor, or writer who dared to question it had to risk not being invited to hot dog parties at Hyde Park as well as being called a reactionary, a Fascist, or a "tool of the selfish interests."

The new "Liberals" rushed to embrace Communism as an ally. Mr. Acheson risked his tailoring by working himself into a sweat for the recognition of the Soviet regime, and his friend, Mr. Hiss, fed it all the secret documents he could lay hands on. Mr. Acheson walks to work each morning with his dearest friend and mentor, Mr. Frankfurter, and during the Second War it was Hopkins, Acheson, and Hiss who strove, first to deliver American goods and American patents to Russia, and then, at Yalta, to deliver half of Europe and the keys of Asia into Russian hands.

In 1945 it was Acheson's State

Department which was distributing printed propaganda among American soldiers telling them that the Chinese Red leader, Mao Tse-Tung, could be compared with "our own Thomas Jefferson."

Here is one of the supreme ironies of human history: the United States of America, once a carefully restrained republic, is now far along toward being converted into a "modern collectivist state" — a state which would have appalled both Jefferson and Wilson. Yet the men who have promoted this conversion have called themselves "Liberals" and have used as their political vehicle the party of Jefferson and Wilson.

NOW, IN 1952, where do we stand?

The government which was our fathers' servant has become our master. It is so big that it defies analysis, description, or understanding. It confiscates a third of our national income, yet it plans only to become larger, never smaller. It claims that it is guaranteeing security to many citizens, but, by its own actions, it is destroying the value of our money and is, therefore, rendering every citizen less secure.

How reliable is government as a security agency when it is systematically destroying the value of every government bond, every life insurance policy, and every dollar bill?

At the top of this vast heap of

confusion sits a frightened, foolish little man who was chosen by Franklin Roosevelt only because he was a human cipher, incapable of exciting opposition, and whose principal political experience had been as a front for corruption. Truman, confronted by more war, corruption, and inflation, can only be expected to grow daily more neurotic, and his "program" will be to try to expand the government even more with "social gains."

Truman's right arm is Acheson, a man who truly deserves the contempt of every "well-disposed and industrious" American — particularly the young. Acheson is a diplomat *in reverse*. A diplomat is hired by a country to endeavor to make that country more secure in relation to its enemies. One of the self-announced enemies of the United States, since 1923, has been Soviet Russia. Yet Acheson, on his record, worked from 1933 to 1948 to *increase* the power of Soviet Russia. All his contrived and televised grimacing at Gromyko in 1951 can hardly win him the respect of intelligent men who know his record.

Supporting Truman and Acheson is an enormous mass of subsidized voting power. Some of this voting power is in the highest economic bracket — manufacturers like Henry Kaiser who get both their capital and profits from government; the Wall Street Democrats who have a vested interest in continued government

spending abroad; the wheat millionaires whose principal customer is government; and the twenty-five multi-millionaires in Washington who had nothing in 1934 but who have gotten fat manipulating government money and government influence.

Other millions of Americans, some with misgivings, will follow in the subsidized, big government train — farmers who have “deserted to the government”; minorities in search of “recognition” and preferment; Common Men who have been invited by big government to relax and take pride in their commonness. All these groups will be pushing, shoving, trying to find in bigger government the security which they prefer to liberty.

CAN THESE FORCES be beaten in 1952?

Those of us with a sense of history must retain our doubts. With universal suffrage, liberty has seldom won at a counting of noses. Hope for victory can spring only if the issues are drawn clear, and only if there is a national realization that this is the last chance for those of us who be-

lieve in checks and balances and in the restraint of government.

This is the pivotal year. If the Democratic Party, now irretrievably committed to bigger government, can be beaten and thrown into retreat, then perhaps there is hope that Americans can once again discipline their government. There is hope for a return to liberalism — the liberalism which holds all power suspect, and which knows that when men seek security at the price of liberty they always lose both.

But if there is another Democratic victory, or, worse, if there is an inconclusive or irresolute Republican victory, then all hope for liberalism can be abandoned in our time. Those of us who oppose the government will become a permanent minority, or, at least, we will be “permanent” as long as we are tolerated. But we will have lost all reason for striving.

This is not written in despair but with some hope. Now is the time for all “well-disposed, industrious, and decent” Americans to unite for the restraint of government. The government is the enemy, and after November, 1952, we will either be its masters or its slaves.

What EISENHOWER Has Learned In EUROPE

A political analyst
appraises the man
who may be President

ROBERT INGRIM

IN WESTERN EUROPE, more than in America, it is assumed that General Dwight D. Eisenhower will campaign for the Presidency of the United States. Therefore, there is in Europe even more speculation as to the General's political views. Is he a "Liberal" or a "Conservative"? Will he lend America's aid to the conservative forces in Europe or to the European Socialists? And, because of his experience, will he drive harder bargains with America's allies?

Eisenhower has had the oppor-

tunity for profound political education since 1943. He has been a party to grave political errors and those of us who have observed him closely believe that he has profited from the experience.

For Americans who wish to understand what Eisenhower may have learned in Europe, it is necessary to realize that America — and to some extent, Eisenhower — has passed through three easily identifiable stages in dealing with postwar Europe.

1. The 1945-46 — the "Cooperate-with-Russia" — stage.

2. The 1947-50 — the "Protect-Europe-with-Economic-Aid" — stage, and

3. The 1951-52 — the "Protect-Europe-with-Arms" — stage.

Robert Ingram is currently back in America after three years in Europe as a special columnist on international politics for a number of newspapers. He is the author of After Hitler Stalin (1946) and, most recently, a scholarly work on Bismarck.

In Eisenhower's role and attitudes during each of these stages may be found the key to what he has learned.

When Eisenhower arrived as a conqueror in Europe in 1944-45, there is little doubt that he was as naïve as his political mentor, Harry Hopkins. He certainly evidenced none of the realistic thinking that was being done by James Forrestal or George Kennan or William D. Leahy or, for that matter, General George Patton. Eisenhower obviously believed that the way to build a free and better Europe was to *cooperate* with the Russians.

He didn't hesitate to pull back his armies and allow the Russians to sack half of Germany; he drank toasts with, and pounded the backs of, the Russian generals; he seemed convinced that any Russian so recalcitrant as not to have already succumbed to the Roosevelt smile would certainly succumb to the Eisenhower smile. It is, of course, unfair to "blame" Eisenhower for pulling back his armies and allowing the Russians to occupy half of Germany plus the Danube basin. That unhappy decision had been made at Yalta, and he was carrying out orders. But if we are to appraise Eisenhower, we must note that he expressed no objection to the decision, and has, in fact, publicly protected those who made it.

As a matter of fact he gave it his whole-hearted approval. He en-

couraged the Morgenthau-Planners; he joked with Elliott Roosevelt about "thinning out the Germans"; he did not oppose State Department suggestions that the Russians be conceded bases in the Mediterranean; he was, in fact, one of those most peculiar Westerners who advocated giving the Russians the atomic bomb.

THERE WERE OTHER EVIDENCES of political naïveté. Eisenhower appeared to swallow, without question, the American "Liberal" explanation that National Socialism in Germany had been a Rightist movement, in all respects the opposite of Communism. He accepted the theory of German collective responsibility for all the outrages committed by their Nazi masters.

Contrast these views of the naïve Eisenhower with the following thoughtful statement of Mr. Kennan:

Totalitarianism is not a national phenomenon; it is a disease to which all humanity is in some degree vulnerable. To live under such a regime is a misfortune which can befall a nation by virtue of reasons purely historic and not really traceable to any particular guilt on the part of the nation as a whole. Where circumstances weaken the powers of resistance to a certain crucial degree, the virus triumphs. If individual life is to go on at all within the totalitarian framework, it must go on by arrangement with the regime, and

to some extent in connivance with its purpose. These realities leave no room for our favored conviction that the people of a totalitarian state can be neatly divided into collaborators and martyrs and that there will be none left over.

Had Eisenhower only looked more closely into the philosophy and actions of National Socialism, he would have understood that it came from the Left, not from the Right. Hitlerism was Socialism bureaucratically planned and enforced by the police; it was Socialism enforced within national boundaries; and thus it was hardly distinguishable from state Communism. National Socialism and state Communism are all progeny of the same ancestor: Jacobinism. And the idea of "democratic socialism" has roots in the same soil.

This, however, was much too complex for Eisenhower in 1945. Influenced by American "Liberals" and British Laborites, he preferred simpler reasoning. Nazism, as well as Fascism, he had been told, was of the Right; therefore, Rightists were the enemies of America and Leftists were friends. But Communists were of the Left. Therefore once the Russian honeymoon was ended and Communists had become enemies, this reasoning had to be revised. The Leftists were still the only friends of America, but not the extreme Leftists, only the medium Leftists — the Socialists.

The European Socialists became

Eisenhower's pets. He helped them to acquire newspapers and to become teachers and heads of local governments. He was the willing instrument of American "Liberals" and the protector of their friends, the European Socialists, and he continued in this role until he left Europe in 1946.

EISENHOWER WAS NOT directly connected with the second stage — the Marshall Plan stage, the "Protect-Europe-with-Economic-Aid" stage — but he favored it, he was aware of it, and he was the inheritor of its mistakes. So its lessons can not have been lost on him.

The Marshall Plan has, in some respects, been successful. For instance, it stimulated agricultural and industrial production. But in other respects it has been a failure. Look back to what it promised. On September 22, 1947, the conference of sixteen nations held in Paris declared:

The maximum use will be made by the participant countries of their own . . . productive capacity. This process will be stimulated by measures to be taken to secure progressive relaxation of import restrictions, to improve payment arrangements between the various countries. . . . A customs union study group will make its first report within three months. The French government is ready to commence negotiations with all European governments who wish to enter a customs union.

These good intentions were conveyed to the United States Senate by General George Marshall, then Secretary of State, on February 17, 1948:

For the first time in modern history representatives of sixteen nations collectively disclosed their internal economic conditions and frailties, and undertook to do certain things for the mutual benefit of all. These commitments . . . will produce in Western Europe a far more integrated economic system than any in previous history.

The Marshall Aid Plan, then, was undertaken with many promises and good intentions, but very little has come of it. There have been tariff reductions, but all the beneficiaries of Marshall aid have stuck to their quota systems. Nothing has come of the weak attempts to set up customs unions.

Despite the Marshall Plan, Europe is still crying for American dollars for two reasons, both of which must be apparent to General Eisenhower.

First, the plan fell short because of the weakness of American diplomacy: America did not insist that the European countries keep their pledges. America offered the aid in return for a fundamental change; the change was promised, but America gave the aid without exacting the change.

This has been the basic and disheartening weakness of America as

a world power. World managers bear the responsibility for management. Yet, repeatedly, America's "Liberal" diplomats have bestowed vast aid without assuming any responsibility, without making sure that they will receive something for what they give.

In several private conversations I have heard responsible statesmen in Europe bemoan America's forbearance. There are moments in history when nations, like children, must be coerced for their own good. America has thus far failed in the art of beneficial coercion. An opportunity has been missed in Europe, one that will never return, because the interests vested in the protective market are much more influential after recovery than before it. And this is as true of the workers involved as it is of the business men.

THE SECOND ERROR which led to the disappointments of the Marshall Plan was even more the fault of the United States. The "Liberals" in the American government, who had been rebuffed in their efforts to cooperate with Russia, concluded in 1947 that the serious threat to western Europe was Communist subversion, not imperialist aggression. What Europe needed, they decided, was not protection from Red Army invasion but protection from economic misery. For some reason, they overlooked the close connection between prosperity and security.

Without protection from the Red Army in 1947-50, most European capital was on its way to a safer haven. And here is one of the ironies of our times: the dollars the Marshall Plan sent across the Atlantic to Europe were met in mid-ocean by European capital fleeing to the Americas.

The European capitalist asked this question: "Why should we whet Stalin's appetite by getting fat?" And every peasant knows that the fatter the goose, the higher must be the fence to keep the fox away.

If, during 1947-50, Europe's military necessities had been considered along with her economic ones, the economic effect of the Marshall program could have been much more hopeful.

IN THE THIRD STATE — the 1951-52, the "Protect-Europe-with-Arms" stage — Eisenhower has returned to Europe, not as a conqueror, but as defender and umpire. And what has he learned? What are his thoughts?

First, what can he think about the old cooperate-with-Russia policy, the policy he implemented? What can he think of Yalta and the New Dealers who ordered him to restrain General Patton and to pull his armies back and deliver central Europe to the Communists? Is it possible that Eisenhower can contemplate this tragic policy and the men who were responsible for it with anything but painful regret?

Where are the Morgenthau-Planners today? And what does Eisenhower think of them? Instead of wanting to "thin out" the Germans, he is now struggling to find more Germans for his army.

What about his policy of making the German Socialists his pets? Where is his neat explanation that the German Rightists were America's enemies and the German Leftists America's friends?

Eisenhower has learned much about Socialists. First, he now understands that to the Socialist, the Communist will always be only an erring brother. Secondly, how can you expect enthusiastic support from a Socialist who is in the dilemma of having to choose between Communism and the world of free enterprise? Thirdly, how can any Socialist cooperate freely with other countries when he knows that any merger of economies will destroy the national framework in which his hoped-for Socialism can operate.

Where are the German Socialists now? Are they cooperating with Eisenhower? Like every other Socialist party in Europe, they are either outright anti-American or else are flirting with neutralism.

Kurt Schumacher, leader of Germany's Socialists, is Eisenhower's most dangerous antagonist. Schumacher says he is for rebuilding Germany's military strength, but he is opposed to a merger of armies. And it is Schumacher who has the

support of the German neutralists.

Who then are Eisenhower's friends in Germany? They are Konrad Adenauer and the Generals Hans Speidel and Adolf Heusinger. Eisenhower knows that it was Adenauer who, as early as August, 1950, offered unconditionally a German contribution to the common defense. For this, Eisenhower's former pets, the German Left, derided Adenauer as the "chancellor of the allies."

But Adenauer and Speidel and Heusinger are conservatives! These are the men that Eisenhower's old "Liberal" mentors warned him against! Yet these are the men who want to cooperate with America against the Russian menace and build a united Europe.

It is no longer Russians or Communists or Socialists or Leftists of any hue that Eisenhower is pounding on the back in Germany. His smiles are reserved for his friends on the Right.

And elsewhere in Europe, where are Eisenhower's friends? In Britain the Socialist Labor Party is divided into three parts: a Left, the Bevanites, who are blatantly anti-American; a Center who are neutralists; and the followers of Attlee, who favor cooperation with Eisenhower and a degree of preparedness, but who called Churchill a warmonger and who preferred not to renounce the Bevanites. Even among the British Conservatives, Anthony Eden, who has founded his career

on catering to Leftist sentiment, has admonished the West to relax and not get excited — a somewhat less than courageous concession to British anti-Americanism.

Eisenhower has learned that his only dependable friends in Britain are men who stand solidly on the British Right. And he probably hasn't forgotten that it was British Laborites — along with American "Liberals" — who urged him to bet on European Socialists in 1945.

In France there is every indication that Eisenhower has mastered the intricacies even of the French political mind. Neutralism runs deeper in France than anywhere else on the continent. The neutralist tradition runs back to 1940 when the French had resolved to let "them" do the fighting, meaning by "them" the British.

The French now know that Europe cannot be defended without defending Germany, and that Germany cannot be defended without the Germans. But note how the neutralist sentiment works. Jules Moch, the Socialist leader, claims to be a militarist, but it was he who as Minister of Defense delayed Germany's rearmament with the irrational proposal that German units must not exceed 800 men. At present Eisenhower's experts are insisting on German national units of 12,500 men. It is questionable that Moch and his Socialists will ever agree to such an arrangement.

Eisenhower knows that the rearmament program has lost at least a year because of Moch's obstinacy; and he knows, further, that the only group in France on which he can rely are the Conservative supporters of Robert Schuman.

In Italy there is no possibility of support for America or Eisenhower anywhere Left of Center. The Communists are pledged never to do battle against the fatherland of Socialism. And the leader of the Socialists, Pietro Nenni, is an unshakable fellow-traveler, the loudspeaker of Italian neutralism, the arch enemy of his nation's participating in the Atlantic Pact. Only the Italian Rightists, led by Alcide de Gasperi, offer Eisenhower any hope of co-operation.

WITH AN EXPERIENCE such as this, how can Eisenhower be anything but anti-Socialist and anti-Left? The Socialists have betrayed him — and he knows it.

How can he feel anything but resentment for the American "Liberals" or New Dealers or Fair Dealers who either led or accompanied him into such costly errors? Surely he remembers which groups of Americans it was who advised him to support the European Socialists — and surely he now must distrust the advice of these groups.

With the disillusionments he has suffered, Eisenhower, if he becomes President of the United States, is likely to be a hard taskmaster for western Europe. And it seems unlikely that any European groups on the Left can expect any favors from him.

There may still be doubts in America as to whether Eisenhower is a "Liberal" or a "Conservative." But judging from what he must have learned in Europe, it appears likely that he will now prefer the company and counsel of Conservatives and that he will regard American "Liberals" with distrust.

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The newest challenge to the sacro-iliac——

Mambo:

the afro-cuban

dance craze

WALTER WALDMAN

A NEW DANCE does not simply start, grow popular and wane in these United States in a fairly normal, orderly fashion. It begins instantaneously, flashes through the population like an electric discharge and vanishes leaving its vast mass of spent disciples just enough time to recuperate before the switch is thrown again.

The dance craze habit began in the twenties with such relatively

Walter Waldman works in the New York office of Paramount Pictures. He has also been on the staff of the Morning Telegraph and Variety. He claims he can do a Mambo imitation that will deceive almost everybody but the experts.

simple, athletic affairs as the bouncing, twirling Charleston and the Black Bottom. Since then the Shag, the Big Apple, and the Conga have had their brief hectic heyday. The Lindy — single, double, and jitterbug variety — has arrived and apparently stamped its nervous, stiff-jointed pyrotechnics permanently on the outlines of American “ballroom” dancing. Whether the strange Mambo, the first genuine hybrid to enter the field, will be as short-lived as the Big Apple or have a vogue as sustained as the Lindy is a bit uncertain. In sheer expenditure of energy and single-minded devotion to its intricacies, however, the disciples of America’s latest dance

craze threaten to outstrip all their predecessors.

In terms of dedicated hypnosis, nothing like the effect of the Mambo on its exponents has ever been witnessed in contemporary America. Described as a combination of sultry Harlem bop and screechy Tin Pan Alley jazz superimposed on a nerve-racked rumba, the music of Mambo has lured grandmothers from grandchildren, teen-agers from the corner drugstore, and wrestling fans from their television sets. On Wednesday nights in New York, when the Mambo-famous Palladium ballroom stages its astounding weekly contests, the demand for baby-sitters undergoes a sharp rise and the amount of money lost on Canasta, gin rummy, bridge, and poker drops precipitately.

At first sight it is hard to account for the growing popularity of this ballroom bacchanal. The three or four hundred couples that usually gather at the Palladium Wednesdays and weekends seem to move in a puppet-like trance to weird, deafening music. Their bodies and limbs jerk in quick, angular motions, as if manipulated by the rhythm. Each couple gives the impression of performing a ritual. The man first dances away, then toward his partner, sawing the air with his arms and hands, now and then kicking his heels nonchalantly in the direction of her midsection. Then the woman begins a series of come-

hither hip rotations. As the orchestra steps up the beat, they gradually work themselves into a frenzy of torso, shoulder and pelvic vibrations. When the music stops, the dancers, perspiring and happy, totter to the sidelines. The energy generated by seven hundred of these Mambo enthusiasts probably equals the output of several TVA power plants.

AN ANALYSIS of the Mambo gives no hint of this frantic quality. Basically, it is a dance done "contra tempo," or against the rhythm of the music. Other dances — the waltz, the fox trot — are performed in time to the natural pulse beat of the melody, to the count of "1-2-3 rest." But in the Mambo the dancer accents the beats he would ordinarily rest on, and the pattern is something like this: 1-(hold on 2)-3-(accent 4), or 1-(accent 2)-3-(hold on 4). When touched off by the tropic-inspired rhythm of a hot Mambo band, this formula explodes into an overwhelming display of ballroom fireworks.

When the congo and bongo drums, claves and cowbells go to work, probably even the layman can identify the Afro-Cuban influences in Mambo music. And the American jazz effects supplied by the brass section come straight from Harlem and Tin Pan Alley. There are good reasons for this marriage of Havana and Harlem. Remember, the tensions of the feverish, crime-ridden

postwar years have been magnified a thousand times in Harlem and the other sections of New York City that received the successive waves of immigrants from Puerto Rico. The conflicts between the new, poverty-stricken arrivals and the "old settlers" — Negroes, Italians, and pre-war immigrants from the West Indies, who were just a little better off than the newcomers — led to serious clashes and bitter competition for jobs.

But at the same time the younger generation of the postwar immigrant groups continued to strive for recognition and assimilation. In fact, assimilation is the key to the most popularly accepted explanation of the genesis of the Mambo. A large number of talented dancers among the postwar group began to gravitate to local ballrooms and dance halls, with an instinct similar to that which draws a newly-arrived British colonial official to the golf courses or race tracks of Singapore.

But these natives of Latin America had a problem. Their feet and ears were attuned to the sensuous rhythms of the Cuban *son*, the bolero, and the exotic Afro-Cuban tempos. They were overwhelmed, when they went to the ballrooms and to private dances, by the jump and jitterbug melodies, and the exuberant gymnastics of the Lindy hop. But being young, and proud of their accomplishments on the dance floor, the newcomers be-

gan to combine the most exciting elements of their native Latin American dances with their own interpretations of the Lindy hop, and other jitterbug routines. In this way they were able to achieve a sort of elementary assimilation with the culture of their new homeland, and some of the racial tension was relieved; in the process, they gave America the Mambo.

THE MAMBO found its first congenial home in the Park Plaza ballroom at 110th Street and Fifth Avenue, a favorite hangout for enthusiastic dancers from Harlem and its ethnic colonies throughout New York and northern New Jersey. Here inhibitions were checked with coats, and dancers performed with spectacular abandon. The reputation of the Park Plaza and its virtuoso Mambo dancers spread, and soon it was attracting fair-skinned spectators and dance teachers from the more fashionable studios in mid-Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn.

At first the downtowners came out of curiosity — to see, and if possible, to learn this bewildering new dance. But subsequent visits were prompted by an interest in the commercial possibilities of the Mambo. Taken from Harlem, cleaned up en route downtown to an eventual refined El Morocco state of civilization, the dance put a feverish glint in the professional's

eye. He couldn't help but think of the not-so-distant possibility of charging \$30 for six Mambo lessons. At the time, these dance teachers were enjoying the most prosperous year of their careers; they were selling rumba, samba and tango lessons to almost every man, woman, and child who wintered in Florida or summered in the upper New York mountain resorts.

Each of these hotels then had one or two teams of rumba teachers (male and female) on the premises. In addition, almost every big city across the country had a hard core of anxious social dancing students of all ages who invested long hours and impressive sums of money in five- or ten-lesson rumba courses. Chain studios, independent studios, and teachers without studio affiliations were peddling lessons in almost every community large enough to support several nightclubs, at least one of which usually advertised an "authentic rumba band."

But by the late forties the storm warnings were up. The rumba market was sated. Hard-pressed instructors were forced to develop new, complicated routines, which they then tried to sell to their advanced students. But there was not so much easy money around, and most of their former students were satisfied with just enough rumba steps to get them around a respectable dance floor.

There was no doubt about it; the

rumba industry needed a shot in the arm, something to recapture the imaginations and bankrolls of satisfied ex-rumba students, and attract thousands more at the same time.

AT FIRST, the frenetic, broadly suggestive Mambo, so exciting and appealing to Park Plaza patrons, didn't seem to be the easy answer the sleek, oily-haired rumba teachers were seeking. There didn't appear to be any practical way to sell this dance to middle-class customers who lived in elevator apartments with uniformed doormen. Its high sex quotient created considerable problems for the more conservative dancers and dance-hall proprietors. There were also serious doubts as to whether the older and better-fed students could cope with the tricky, gymnastic Mambo routines performed with such deceptive ease by the lean, undernourished inhabitants of Harlem.

But it seemed to be worth a try. The pioneer work was undertaken by a dozen or so teachers and exhibition dancers with established names in the rumba, samba, and tango profession. The most accomplished of these succeeded in achieving an almost high-priestly status in the eyes of the Mambo acolytes. Some of the current high priests of the loud, vibrating world of Mambo are Tony and Lucille, Rudolfo Davalos, Killer Joe and Carmen, Tony Hernandez, Larry Hedges,

Larry Selden and Vera, Louis Arnold, Afra and Vega, and Cuban Pete and Millie. Their origins are as diverse and exotic as their names, ranging from the tropical hills and plains of Puerto Rico and Cuba to the asphalt pavements of Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Harlem.

The zealous corps of Mambo-minded dance instructors had little trouble in using their former rumba fortresses—the resort hotels—as bases for their campaign. The missionaries made their grand assault on the purses of the rumba-sated public about three years ago. One of the most enterprising of the breed, a brash ex-G.I., Larry Selden, an alumnus of the Park Plaza and the more anthropological Katherine Dunham Dance School, created a stir when he first demonstrated a spectacular Mambo routine at Paul's, a mountain resort near the Delaware River. Nothing like it had ever been seen at this hotel, which in its forty years of existence had survived the Kazotsky, the Black Bottom, the Charleston, the Lindy Hop, the conga, and the rumba. Selden, assisted by a well-stacked Italian-American girl, almost danced a hole in the hotel's nightclub floor. After a few weeks of nightly performances, he was deluged with so many requests for lessons that he and his partner were kept busy all day for the rest of the season.

At other hotels with free-spending guests, teachers reported similar re-

sults. They worked seven days a week, eight hours a day, turning out a curious assortment of Mambo-happy dancers, later to be known as "Mambonicks," a half-affectionate colloquialism coined by the teachers. Some of the wealthier, older guests—grandmothers and grandfathers passing the summer at these hotels—spent thousands of dollars for advanced lessons, which included instruction in one or two special "breaks" and a couple of the simpler, less acrobatic exhibition steps.

One couple impressed even the zealous instructors. He was pushing seventy, she was well over fifty. They built their entire daily existence around the Mambo. They rested all day until 3:00 P.M., when they went into a session with the instructor. Then they rested some more, storing up their energy for the evening, when a galvanic Mambo band went into action. They danced with each other, their instructors, and a select group of the other guests whose Mambo proficiency was at least equal to their own.

UNFORTUNATELY for the mambo instructors, Labor Day inevitably spells the end of their summer harvest. The guests leave for their homes and business offices, where they remain until the end of December, when Miami Beach beckons, with its warmth and its winter session of Mambo under the palms.

Miami was even more fertile

ground for the Mambo exponents, since it is the winter playground for most of the United States. In Florida, the instructor-missionaries had a cross section of America's wealthy, idle, and would-be rich to work the Gospel on. Three seasons — 1948, 1949, and 1950 — were enough to inject the virus of Afro-Cuban cavorting. It is no longer surprising to come across a confirmed "Mambonick" in Washington, Seattle, Detroit, Minneapolis, and even across the Canadian border in Montreal, where dance studios and nightclubs have set up special Mambo departments and installed special Mambo bands.

But on a year-round basis, New York holds the title of homeland of the Mambo, and the Palladium Ballroom is its most impressive house of worship. Although the Park Plaza is acknowledged to be the original home and true temple of the "authentic Mambo," it is a little too authentic, and too far uptown for the convenience of the recent, middle-class, white converts to Mambo. While they might visit Harlem for an occasional nervous thrill, the average salesman, manufacturer, or dentist prefers the well-guarded precincts of mid-Manhattan for his entertainment excursions.

Maxwell Hyman, fiftyish, and erstwhile clothing manufacturer and a dedicated "Mambonick" himself, probably had this in mind two years ago when he acquired the Palladium

Ballroom. Originally, it had been the Latin Ballroom, which catered almost exclusively to a tough, mob-dominated clientele, which kept half a dozen bouncers busy every night. But when Hyman took it over, he decided to bid for a less boisterous trade. This group would include moderately prosperous salesmen and businessmen like himself, who would get a kick out of entertaining thrill-seeking out-of-town buyers in the semi-exotic atmosphere of the Palladium. He also was after the clerks and office girls from the suburbs, who would be attracted by the lure of a nightclub atmosphere at dance-hall prices (\$1.25 for ladies, \$1.50 for gentlemen).

HYMAN'S *pièce de resistance* is the Mambo contest on Wednesday nights. Entrants include the best professional and amateur Mambo teams in and around New York, or occasionally, visitors from Puerto Rico, Havana, or Mexico City. They come in all sizes, shapes, and colors — tall, lean, swarthy men, or short, chunky, pale ones. Some wear ties and red or black shirts under the standard drape suit; others are tieless and in T-shirts. Some dance barefoot; others wear highly polished patent leather shoes with pointed toes. The women are an equally odd assortment; small-boned Negresses, well-rounded Latin Venuses, and willowy Anglo-Saxon blondes, all equally proficient in ex-

ploiting their sex appeal via clinging satin dresses or tight-fitting sweaters and skirts.

Another indisputable attraction of the Palladium is the number of "name" bands Hyman offers — Machito and his Afro-Cubans, Perez Prado (an accomplished composer-arranger and advocate of the minority theory that Mambo reached New York via Mexico City), Tito Puente, Tito Rodriguez, Eddie Carbia and his Mamboleers, Noro Morales, Miguelito Valdes, Pupi Camp, Marcelino Guerra, Gilberto Valdez, Arsenio Rodriguez, and Caesar Concepcion.

THESE "name" bands not only helped draw new convert customers, but also attracted from Harlem the thousands of fans they had made at the Park Plaza, and with their recordings. Gabriel Oller, Jr., who owns the Spanish Music Center near Radio City, estimated recently that 60 to 75 per cent of the 200,000 records he sold last year were Mambo numbers. These included such titles as "Mambo Number 5" by Perez Prado; "110th Street and Fifth Avenue" by Noro Morales; the "Merry Mambo"; the "Guaracha Mambo"; the "Cuban Mambo"; "Mambo Phobia"; "Mambo Boogey." There is such a big demand for new numbers that arrangers like Rene Hernandez, who serves in this capacity

with several of the orchestras, are frequently kept working into the small hours of the night.

The phenomenon of Mambo, the first dance to draw equally on the cultural patterns and rhythms of all of Western America, synthesizing them into a demonically energetic form of self-expression, has come to mean many things to the interested parties. Even the literary avant-garde has been drawn into the Mambo whirlpool and has paused to analyze its twists and turns with sober detachment, finally writing it off as a "mockery of normal sex." But to most of the principals, the personal meanings are simpler. To the Puerto Rican restaurant helper, emerging from the steam and grime of the kitchen, it means a chance to express his dampened feelings and an access to the rest of American society. To the aging businessman, it offers a frenzied return to youth; to his wife and daughter a chance to work off inhibitions and to demonstrate that they have the money and leisure necessary to acquire its difficult technique. To the fabulously skillful Mambo stars, it means prizes, applause, and an odd kind of worship. And to the hard-pressed dance teachers, it is the latest way to step up their dwindling incomes and work themselves into the seasonal paradise of a high-priced Miami hotel.



Mencken

on the MILITARY

These remarks by H. L. Mencken appeared as an editorial in THE MERCURY for September 1929. Our readers can decide whether our military has become more intelligent, clearheaded, and resourceful in the twenty-two years that have passed.

SILLY PUBLIC SPEECHES by high officers of the Army do not seem to be as frequent as they were just after the war, but it should be added in fairness to an heroic corps of men that such of them as harangue the populace at all maintain a very creditable level of silliness. Their text, of course, is the patriotism that is their trade, and their message is the menace of Bolshevism.

According to the Articles of War, it appears, any man who is in favor of the Bill of Rights is a Bolshevik, even though his forebears hanged their share of codfish to the ragged Continentals. To take the Kellogg peace treaties seriously is to flirt obscenely, not only with imbecility, but also with infamy. It is the prime duty of every citizen to assume that the next war will break out Monday a week, and to keep his blood up against the day. Interna-

tionalism is a chimera of pathological minds, poisoned by Russian gold. The Liberal weeklies get their very ink from Moscow, under the false brand of caviar. The only true gospel is to be found in the minutes of the D.A.R., the Jr. O.U.A.M., the P.O.S.A. and the K.K.K.

Such highfalutin nonsense seems to go with the military art and mystery, at least in the United States; its emission at due intervals is accepted as a sound gauge of a general's professional equipment. So, indeed, elsewhere. History is almost bare of soldiers who had anything really sensible to say, and knew how to put into it plausible phrases. I can recall Bonaparte and Frederick the Great, but there, for modern times, the chronicle seems to stop. If Grant said, "Let us have peace," then it was only, as Mr. Lloyd Lewis has been lately

demonstrating, at the command of Abraham Lincoln, a slacker; Grant himself, let alone, would have proceeded to butcher the Confederates after disarming them, as the French General Staff was in favor of butchering the Germans. His colleague, Sherman, is credited with "War is hell," but on the one hand he was widely regarded in the Army as insane, and more than once went before a medical survey to have his bumps felt. Wellington, from end to end of his long life, never uttered a sound that was worth hearing — not even "Up, guards, and at 'em!" or the somewhat dubious remark about the playing-fields of Eton — and neither did Kitchener. Neither did Sheridan, nor Thomas, nor Meade, nor Stonewall Jackson, nor Longstreet, nor either of the two Johnstons, nor Beauregard. Neither, for that matter, did the sainted Lee. I pass over Washington in consideration of the Farewell Address — written, no doubt, by Hamilton.

Who was the greatest captain in the late War to End War? The Elks, of course, will not agree, but I suspect that the military historians of tomorrow, viewing all claims judicially, will give the place to Ludendorff. He didn't win, but with even odds he would have had a walkover. Well, Ludendorff has been dedicating his genius since the peace to proving that the war was caused by the Jews, and to arguing that the only way to rid Germany

of them is to cashier their protector, Jahveh, and restore the worship of Woden and Thor.

The world, which has a certain homely wisdom under its motley, shows no sign of being made uneasy by this low mental visibility of the military gents. It admires them without thought of their I.Q.'s, just as it admires movie stars, bootleggers, and Presidents. It hears them respectfully, bespangles them with medals, and heaves no dead cats. So far as the records reveal no Army officer has been lynched in America since the Revolution, and not more than two or three hundred enlisted men have been hanged. No lieutenant, so long as he is able to engage the floor without holding on, is turned away from a dance, and no general, however badly he may carry his liquor, ever gets the bum's rush from Kiwanis.

I HINT that this amiability is wise: what I mean is that perhaps the best thing that can be said of soldiers, taking one with another, is that they are not unduly pregnant with ideas. If they were brighter lads they would be far more dangerous than they are today, content with their few simple fatuities. Suppose they had the sinister acumen of Yale professors, the lush ideational flow of Hearst city editors, and the implacable eloquence of insurance agents? Suppose West Point trained them as ardently in logic, salesman-

ship and vision as it trains them in the care of horses?

Certainly no great imagination is needed to conjure up what would ensue. A military fever would sweep the country, and we'd all be doomed to the goose-step. Every objection would be reasoned into absurdity, and even the most academic kind of pacifism would take on the occult and furtive indecency of voodooism or teetotalism. The lone constitutional guarantee that the logic choppers of the Supreme Court have left to console that "no soldier, in time of peace, shall be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner" — would vanish with the rest, for all of us would be soldiers, and there would be no more citizens.

From this and worse we are saved by the fortuitous but capital fact that the military career tends to slow down the racing of the mind. We survive because soldiers are simple-minded men, with a preference for stereotyped nonsense.

I HAVE SAID that the military career tends to slow down the mind, but it may be that the thing works the other way — that it naturally attracts men who are not excessively intellectual. Whatever the process, it is plainly to the advantage of human progress that the business of killing and getting killed should be handed over to men who, however worthy otherwise, are not remarkable for their contributions

to thought. The same may be said of the police business, the booting business, and various other highly necessary and honorable avocations. The human race would be in a sorry state if men abandoned these crafts, but meanwhile it apparently suffers no calamity when fortune plays them ill. Always, when a war is in progress and the heaps of slain pile up, there are pessimists who predict that civilization will collapse at the peace, but always, when the clouds blow away, it turns out that plenty are left to carry on — nay, that carrying on seems to be rather more facile than it was before.

I do not know the reason therefor, but certainly it cannot be that progress is speeded up by killing all the best men. There are objections to that theory which any logician, however upset by the new mathematics, could adduce. The uncomfortable fact seems to be that war naturally sucks in those who can be most profitably spared, and lets go those whose talents are really useful. One hears, now and then, of promising young men cut down too soon, but the science of statistics scarcely justifies the accompanying mourning. Let us turn, for example, to the Civil War. In the Union Army, during the four years of the war, there were 2,666,999 men who reached the field, and of this number 110,070 were killed in battle or died of wounds, 119,720 died of disease, and 40,154 perished otherwise —

murdered, killed by accident, or done to death in prisons. Of those who were murdered or died of accident or disease, probably 100,000 would have died anyhow. Deducting that number, the total net loss comes to about 250,000. How many men were wounded is not certain, but probably the number ran to at least 1,000,000.

We don't know, of course, what the dead men would have done if they had lived, but we may reach some approximation to it by examining the wounded who survived. How many of them, after the war, contributed anything that was genuinely valuable to civilization? Searching the record for weary days and nights I can find but three names: those of Major Ambrose Bierce, Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and Private George Westinghouse. Captain Holmes alone survives, now as Mr. Justice Holmes — a just and enlightened judge, an ardent, indomitable friend of liberty, and a completely civilized man.

WHAT OTHER hero of those days is to be ranged beside him? I can find none. The typical survivor of the Civil War was the shallow political plug, McKinley, as the typical survivor of the late War to End War is the even shallower plug, young Teddy Roosevelt. All the really important men of the post-Civil War era, all the men who developed and fecundated some cul-

ture as we now have, from John D. Rockefeller to Walt Whitman, from Grover Cleveland to William James, from Mark Twain to Cyrus Field, from Andy Carnegie to Mark Hanna, from William Dean Howells to Bronson Howard, from John Fiske to James Russell Lowell, and from Willard Gibbs to Brigham Young — all these men were slackers, and leaped not to the cannon's roar. The three exceptions that research reveals I have listed. Apply the ration to those who perished, and it appears that the Civil War cost American *Kultur* exactly three-fourths of a really valuable man. Call Fitz-James O'Brien, who died of his wounds, the other fourth — and the net loss comes to one man.

The melancholy conclusion that the science of statistics thus points to is amply confirmed by a study of military history. Of all the arts practised by man, the art of the soldier seems to call for the least intelligence and to develop the least professional competency. Every battle recorded in history appears as a series of almost incredible blunders and imbecilities — always, at least, on one side, and usually on both. One marvels, reading the chronicles, that any major engagement was ever won. Even the greatest generals — for example, Bonaparte — walk idiotically into palpable traps, and waste thousands of lives getting themselves out. The lesser fry proceed heroically from

disaster to disaster, as Burnside did during the Civil War and Joffre during the World War. The simplest problem of their ancient and elemental business flabbergasts them. They seem to be congenitally incapable of reasoning clearly, even when all the facts are before them. And at the enterprise of unearthing those facts they show only the gross and pathetic ineptitude of a second-rate lawyer or a third-rate pedagogue.

Whenever, at the practice of their art in the field, they confront a problem of any complexity, they have to get help from civilians, i.e., from men not paralyzed by training in their professional numskullery. It was so, as everyone knows, in the World War: the great captains on

the two sides lay locked in a bloody and horrible embrace until engineers, chemists and press agents came to their rescue, and pried them loose. All the while, behind the lines, they were laboriously drilling their recruits in the archaic marchings and counter-marchings of the Old Dessauer! . . . Yet the human race, after watching such bunglers perform their gory buffooneries, cheers them when they come home, dazed and empty-headed, and thrusts its highest judgment, its common sense, its sense of humor, its right to survive on earth! . . . But perhaps a better day is dawning. The English, having had time to ponder the lessons of the late war, have made one of its great lights a policeman!

**Notice**

The Index to Vol. LXXIII, July-December, 1951, of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, is now available upon request. Address: Index, THE AMERICAN MERCURY, 251 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

At thirty-two . . .

Luck Runs Out

For EVA PERON

SERGE FLIEGERS

THE FLAME OF FORTUNE has burned brighter for Eva Peron than for any other woman of this century. Now it is beginning to flicker and dim.

Argentines recently voted for another six years of *duocracy* — absolute, operetta-type rule by Evita and her President husband. But intimates fear that Evita may not live to enjoy even half of her new term of triumph. Unofficial medical advice indicates that Evita may have cancer of the uterus. The Argentines just say: "She's lived too much, in too little time."

Evita made greedy use of that little time. In a few years she rose from the position of a \$10-a-week party girl to become this hemi-

sphere's most powerful, wealthy, and unrestrained political figure. All this at the age of twenty-nine (according to her) or thirty-three (according to the record).

Evita first made history one autumn evening in Buenos Aires. Colonel Peron had been imprisoned for political misbehavior. He was her latest and most promising boyfriend, so Evita roused a mob, had them break down the doors of his prison, and had him carried shoulder-high to the Casa Rosada, Argentina's presidential mansion.

She dragged sleepy-eyed Juan up the stairs and stood him in front of a window giving on to the balcony. Irresolutely, Peron scratched his unshaven cheeks, contemplated the mob assembled below.

This was too slow for his blonde rescuer. Standing behind him, she placed the palm of her hand between his shoulder blades and gave a hefty push. Peron toppled forward, caught

Serge Fliegers has functioned as a journalist on four continents. He now heads the Inter Continental Press, a news-gathering group covering the United States for the foreign press.

himself at the balustrade, cleared his throat and began: "My dear *descamisados*, (my shirtless ones) . . ."

That day — October 17th — is still being celebrated as the National Holiday of Argentina, marking the beginning of the Peron era.

All of Evita's life has been one hefty push forward. She was born the fifth daughter of an impoverished landowner, whose marriage to Evita's mother is of very doubtful legality. After learning to read and write a bit (her spelling is still unsure), Evita ran away from the dingy boarding house in Junin province run by her mother. The teen-aged girl went to Buenos Aires and started working along the Calle Corrientes, where there were neon lights and nightclubs. She did extra parts in movies and on radio soap operas, posed for pictures — some of them apparently of a restricted nature, since copies are kept locked in the safe of one Washington agency, away from the typists and messenger boys. But mainly, Evita went out to parties.

At these parties she had fun with members of the army clique. As their rank and importance increased, so did Eva's income. It was \$35 a month when she dated junior lieutenants. It rose to the staggering figure of \$6,000 monthly by the time she had reached the inner circle revolving around Peron.

A friend described the meeting between Peron, who had his eye on

the Presidency, and the girl from Junin, who had her eye on success: "It was the kind of warm spring Argentine night when romance blooms readily. Juan looked at Evita long and languidly, and she looked at him the same way." That night they went off together to Tigre Beach, Argentina's Atlantic City. Evita made it known that she was helping Peron with his charity work, and a few weeks later political enemies accused them jointly of failing to account correctly for some 200,000 pesos collected for earthquake victims.

Nothing was proved, but a dynamic political partnership had been formed, an unholy alliance between power and sex.

PERON is typical of the Latin American demagogue. The son of a bailiff, he made his name in the army as a good shot, a brilliant swordsman, and a determined *arri-viste*. During an assignment as military attaché to Fascist Italy he listened avidly to Mussolini's speeches on the Piazza Venezia, and once said to a subaltern: "I shall follow in Mussolini's footsteps, but avoid his mistakes." Just as Mussolini had adapted Communism for use in the valley of the Po, the Argentine Colonel shaped Fascism to the needs of the pampas. He patiently tried to win the factory and *estanciera* workers, and formed the GOU (Grupo de Oficiales Unidos), army brass

who were to share with him the wealth and power of Argentina.

EVITA IS A DIFFERENT phenomenon. She is composed of seven parts ambition, two parts greed and several measures of vindictiveness, tearful emotion, cruelty, cowardice, and sex — enough to make up a complex whole which is fascinating and, in many ways, irresistible.

When Evita started on her amazing climb to power, she was a cloying little brunette with spit-curls and beautiful light-brown, limpid eyes. She is still little — only five feet two inches — but now appears taller. Her hair has changed to an electric blonde; it is severely swept back into a chignon. Her figure, which has always been something to write about, has changed imperceptibly. During her party days it was described by one ecstatic admirer as “full of delightful curves and wriggles . . .” Later it filled out, became stately, like a fountain piece by Maillol. Just recently, a dramatic change has come over Evita. Gone is the flash of her eyes and the voluptuous sweep of her silhouette. It looks almost as if illness and the fire of ambition have shriveled and hollowed her out.

Ambition and resentment were the first sentiments she ever experienced. They bit deep into her soul during the days when she scrubbed floors in her mother's boarding house. To make a few

extra pennies she would deliver packages to the homes of wealthy families, and would then peer through the fence at their fashionable garden parties. One spring Evita saved up enough to buy a ticket to a Charity Bazaar. The lady at the gate frowned at the young girl's cracked and dirty fingernails, looked down at her black cotton stockings torn at the knees. Evita was refused admission. This she has never forgotten.

Today Evita has a permanent staff of four manicurists and two chests full of silk and nylon stockings. Wearing one of her many sable and ermine bedjackets she frequently receives startled visitors in her satin-lined boudoir. At a theater opening, a jeweler equipped with sharp opera glasses estimated that there were \$249,000 worth of diamonds, emeralds, and other stones adorning her shapely bosom. Once, she escorted a privileged guest through her apartment in the Presidential Mansion and casually opened endless closets full of lingerie, suits, gowns, shoes, hats. She had amassed these things almost blindly, spending over \$40,000 a year on clothes alone. Wrenching open the closet doors for her amazed visitor, Evita breathed hard: “There they are. My clothes, my silks, my furs. Better than any woman in Argentina — any woman in the world!”

Evita's ambition is to have everything she ever wanted, or ever dreamed of.

She always liked animals and in Junin one day she picked up a little mutt and brought it home. Her mother, a dour woman from the Basque country, made her throw it out. "We don't have enough to feed ourselves, much less a dog."

Now Evita has dogs — two high-bred black poodles. At the Peron country home in San Vicente she also keeps fifteen ostriches, eight guanacos, five llamas, two gazelles, one tame blackbird and eight storks (the latter possibly symbols of a naïve hope for the childless Peron *ménage*).

In America, such abandoned and luxurious spending by a President's wife would arouse a furor to make the deep-freeze scandals look like a storm in a thimble. In Argentina, strangely enough, it works the other way round. To the poor village girls and the workers' wives and sweethearts, Evita is living proof that Cinderella is not dead, that the fairy godmother is still at work. Call Evita a "shining symbol of hope" or an "object of audience identification." She might not know the meaning of either expression, but she knows how to stir up the people and keep them rooting for her.

Juan Peron caught her one afternoon luxuriating among her closets, trying on gowns and furs. He railed good-naturedly: "Call yourself a *descamisada*, eh?" That evening she appeared at a rally of *descamisados* in Buenos Aires' poorest district.

She wore a priceless gold lamé dress and a "breath of spring" mink cape, estimated at some \$25,000. There was a shocked silence. Then she delivered the ultimate in demagoguery: "Look at me. Yes, look at this gown, this cape. Support Peron and you too shall have this. Every one of you!"

PERON WORKED to get the support of workers and farmers because he knew that their poverty and discontent was the stuff from which he could build his throne. As for Evita, she became champion of the underprivileged out of spite.

As soon as she formed her unholy alliance with Peron, the two moved into a building on fashionable Calle Posadas. He had apartment A, she took apartment B. During the first week of their occupancy, seven society girls were caught demonstratively spitting on the common doorstep. The girls were arrested, but Evita raged. "I'll fix those crinolined bitches and their families," she muttered.

She raged when American Ambassador Spruille Braden and other diplomats refused to invite her to their functions. She was livid when, even after her secret marriage to Peron had been made public, the snobbish army wives at Campo de Mayo continued to ostracize her.

Evita was common, and only the common people accepted her. With them she could show off her finery,

use the ham-acting she had learned in soap-operas. They were the only ones who could give her the revenge she craved so intensely.

Argentina's army, a historian once said, exists solely for the purpose of making and breaking presidents. Evita fixed that. She organized legions of *descamisados* who outnumbered the army ten to one. Then she went to her husband: "Juancito, tomorrow night I meet your officers and their wives; socially, or at the head of my *descamisados*." A gala party was organized at Campo de Mayo. The officers and their wives were lined up; each had to shake hands with Evita and drink her health. It was called a "capitulation in champagne," and that night, the army ceased — for the time being at least — to be the decisive factor in Argentine politics.

It was a triumph for Evita, but her appetite for triumphs was far from appeased. Next she set her sights on Spruille Braden, the chubby, jovial American Ambassador whose immense knowledge of Latin politics and stubborn opposition to Peronism had made him a dangerous enemy. Evita exerted herself. Her personal secret service extended operations to Washington, intercepted confidential reports sent to Braden while he was Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs. In her newspapers and on her radio station, Evita pictured

him as the vicious prototype of "El Yanki Imperialista." Evita's almost psychopathic hatred for Braden lasted so long that, six years after he had been recalled from Buenos Aires and eased out of the State Department, she injected "Bradenismo" as a major issue into the recent presidential campaign. Posters so crude that they could have been painted by Moscow's propaganda artists depicted the American as a pig, a balloon, and an octopus.

ONE OF EVITA's neatest stunts was to transmute the war between the classes into her personal campaign of revenge.

When she was first trying to establish herself as a shining champion and benefactor of the poor, she attempted to get a Committee seat in the *Sociedad de Beneficencia*, traditional bailiwick of the haughty ladies of Buenos Aires. She was scorned. This slight — one among many — stuck in her mind. When she addressed a feminist rally some weeks later, she shrilled: "If you vote for Peron you will be able . . . to sit next to *any* rich woman on a basis of complete equality. What we are fighting for — Peron and myself — is to destroy the inequality between you and the wives of your bosses."

As soon as Peron was elected, Evita sat down beside the bosses' wives, and then even took their seats

away from them. The snobbish charity *Sociedad* was wiped out. In its place she established the Eva Peron Foundation, a give-away organization with an annual income of over \$100,000,000, run entirely by Evita "from the heart," as she explains.

The foundation not only gave to the poor — in the form of 50-peso notes and penicillin vials handed out by Evita personally — but it also put the bite on the rich. The wealthy families who had snubbed her now received visits from little men with bulging briefcases: "I come from Evita, for a contribution." When the Masone family refused to kick in, their pharmaceutical plant was closed down "for hygienic reasons." So was the Mu-Mu chocolate factory. Wealthy Victor Belardo won a radio jackpot and announced he would contribute all the money to a charity organization. Evita discovered that it was not among those administered by her foundation, and the flabbergasted Belardo suddenly found himself thrown into jail.

The greatest pressure Evita and Peron put on the upper classes was through the CGT — the catch-all union they had organized. Strikes were instituted everywhere, based on demands for reducing owners' profits and raising the pay of the oppressed workers. If pickets carried posters of Evita, the strikes turned out successfully. Soon large-size pic-

tures of Evita were in nation-wide demand. Many businessmen were ruined. Unemployment increased, and so did prices, in a frightening spiral of inflation. Even Señora Peron's charities were affected. The denomination of the peso notes she handed out at her welfare foundation was raised from 50 to 100. And the price of textiles rose so drastically that the *descamisados* now literally ran around without a shirt on their backs.

THE PEOPLE GRUMBLED, and their angry mutters had to be silenced. Peron suggested that the press be slowly pushed into line, by judiciously rationing the newsprint imported through government monopoly. His wife controlled that monopoly, and she was more than glad to oblige. Indeed, she had anticipated her husband's wishes. When *Que*, a provincial magazine, did a story on the Argentine movie star Libertad Lamarque, of whose beauty and talents Evita was intensely jealous (they once acted in the same movie), she had managed to have the newsprint supply to the magazine shut off overnight.

Throughout the years, *La Prensa* had attacked and exposed the politics and antics of the two Perons. But what's more, the venerable newspaper had consistently barred Evita's name from its society pages. One morning, after one of her particularly lavish parties had again been

ignored by Gainza Paz, *La Prensa's* publisher, Evita exclaimed viciously: "That man ought to be dragged through the streets of Buenos Aires feet first — tied behind an automobile."

The attack of Evita's armed henchmen against *La Prensa*, the murder of one of the paper's employees, the closing of all other pro-democratic newspapers in Argentina, is history now, one of the darkest passages in the history of liberty in the Western Hemisphere.

Meanwhile, some sixty overt or disguised Communist publications still flourish in Argentina, including the daily *La Hora*, published in Buenos Aires.

OBSERVERS HAVE DRAWN striking parallels between Stalinist and Peronist strategy. As proof, they point to the muzzling of the press, the concentrated attacks on business concerns and landowners, to Evita's pet scheme of establishing government-controlled collective farms and ranches throughout the country, and finally to the mass arrests and even tortures.

It has also been noted that one man who seems to have easy *entrée* to the Casa Rosada is Isaac Lebinson, supposedly one of Moscow's top agents in Latin America. However, a comparative discussion of Peronism and Communism is somewhat theoretical at this point. As far as the United States is con-

cerned, there is only one important similarity: Both the Kremlin and the Casa Rosada have expressed — in varying degrees — a profound hatred for America. Some of the violently anti-American speeches and editorials coming out of Moscow and Buenos Aires use the same ideas, clichés, and denunciations. They could, in fact, have been dug from the same mud-pit.

Mud serves its political purpose, but it doesn't replace food or good government. After six years of Evita-Peron *duocracy*, Argentines had higher prices and less goods than ever before. There were shortages of oil, tea, coffee, rice, sugar, and even toilet paper. Argentina's dollar balances had been dissipated. People started asking Evita what she did with the money pouring into her various ventures, especially the \$5,000,000 just voted for her foundation by Congress. Her answer, made to a visiting businessman from California, went the rounds of scandalized Argentines: "I never keep books," Evita confessed. "I work from the heart."

The people grew restless, then sullen. Last fall they struck a series of blows at Evita that almost spelled her death. In August, the railroad workers revolted against the government's puppet union and independently went on strike for better working conditions. The government suppressed the strike by drafting all workers into the army.

Someone blamed this action on Evita. Overnight, posters appeared throughout Argentina.

One read: "*Viva Peron — Viudo*," meaning: "Long Live Peron — a widower."

Another somewhat pornographic poster showed a naked Evita marching an army of Tom-Thumb-sized politicians through her parted legs.

Evita was scared beyond description. Just as she could be truculent in her triumphs, so could she fall into the most uncontrollable fear. While Spruille Braden was still Ambassador, she had gotten the notion that he wanted to assassinate her. She interrupted a nation-wide radio address with the tearful complaint: "I speak to you *con profunda emocion* . . . I ask you why anyone should want to murder a woman like me, just a humble woman of the people."

Now the people had turned against her, and she was unutterably scared. She cried for two days, then asked Peron to go through with their original idea of running Evita for vice-president. "This will prove that they still love me," Evita pleaded.

Evita never got this proof for two reasons. As a matter of ironic fact, she had disqualified herself *a priori* from the vice-presidency because of her coquetry. Although born on May 7, 1919, she lists her age officially as twenty-nine. And according to the Argentine Constitution, a

vice-presidential nominee must be over thirty.

Evita might have changed the Constitution, as she had done before, once to accommodate some members of her family on the Supreme Court and again to permit her husband to succeed himself in the Presidency. But she couldn't change reality: the army was dead-set against a petticoat vice-president; so, apparently, were many other people including three-quarters of a million voters who failed to show up at a mammoth "Evita for VP" rally.

AGAIN EVITA retired to her boudoir and cried. This time she stayed there and physicians were called in. After a consultation between Argentina's leading surgeon, gynecologist and cancer specialist, Peron was informed that his wife was quite sick — a serious case of anemia, also possibly a tumor and, above all, nervous exhaustion. "Why didn't you tell me, *Negrita*," Peron asked. Evita smiled wanly: "I could have kept going if it hadn't been for these . . . these incidents."

In the last week of September, another incident occurred. Evita, who couldn't sleep because of pain and who is an early riser anyway, suddenly heard the persistent droning of planes over the Casa Rosada, then the faint sound of firing from the army base at Campo de Mayo. She began to shake with fright.

Peron, hastily summoned, admitted there was a "little revolution," and that he'd known about it all along. It was allowed to proceed because it gave him an excuse to establish martial law just before the elections, and because he could blame it on the Americans for propaganda purposes (even though the leader of the revolt, General Benjamin Menéndez, is a known anti-Yankee).

Evita had not been told about all this because Peron was afraid of upsetting her — or perhaps because he had decided to put an end to their boudoir confidences. As he looked at his wife, he saw that he had made a mistake. For the unexpected pocket revolt proved to be the third and final blow to Evita's overwrought nervous system.

Doctors had hoped to delay an operation while Evita built up her strength, but now she was rushed to the hospital and went under the surgeon's knife, while the revolutionaries' planes still roared overhead and the guns boomed at the outskirts of Buenos Aires.

The "little revolution" was put down with only one man killed. Evita's operation was successful, and Peron — without his wife — was re-elected for another six years in the

Casa Rosada. Evita's power, both physically and politically, seemed to be at its lowest ebb.

BUT THERE IS STILL fight left in the young lady from Junin. Today Evita has apparently decided to re-enter the arena of public life on a spiritual plane.

Peron had once described her as ". . . this woman given to me by providence, to guide my steps." And an admirer had called her "our little Madonna of the Ministry of Social Welfare." As the result of her illness, she looks the part; fine chiselled features, an almost translucent skin of pale hue, and eyes that have the haunting fire of fever.

To a sick-room visitor who remarked how thin she was, she explained that she now eats very little, but added:

"The love of the people feeds me. At times, in my travels, I have seen in the eyes of children, women, and even men, an expression of adoration, as though I were a supernatural being . . . And in Jujuy a child approached me and said: 'Mamma Eva, give me your benediction.'"

Whether the rest of the Argentine people will accept Eva's "benediction" is another question.

A MERCURY CAMPUS REPORT:

freshmen look at —1961

MILTON KLONSKY

ON ONE of those balmy days in early Spring, when only the present seems of any importance, I was perverse enough to ask my class in Freshman English at Columbia University to write a theme on what the world would be like in 1961, or, if they chose, what they themselves would be like in that far-off time.

This assignment was greeted by the groans it deserved. With the world in bloom outside, the boys

did not want to dwell on the possibilities of wars, hot or cold, inflations or depressions. But they bent over their desks, scribbled, yawned, stared off into space, scribbled, stared at me, tore up scrap paper, and wrote until the bell rang. The prophecies they handed me were as various as the students themselves.

Many took their cue from General Marshall's prediction that the next decade would be a period of great tension. One student, who sat in the back row of the class like Cato in the Roman Senate, and whose opinions on all subjects from girls to politics were usually grim and always final, had this to say: "It is inevitable that the nations will be clogged in the great machines

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that the super-states of Russia and the United States will become. People will be little more than coiled springs, ready to snap and leap at one another."

While his opposite and foil in class, a redhead who never spoke except to make some wisecrack, conceived this communiqué from the battle front of 1961: "General Jones today announced that after three days of hard fighting, the UN army finally came within a mile of the city of Pyongyang. The General is of the opinion that the Chinese Communists, who have lost more than 75 million men since they entered the Korean War eleven years ago, are finally weakening and that victory for the UN is likely in the near future." As for the home front during this period: "A two room apartment now rents for \$300 a month, and butter is \$2 a pound — just $\frac{1}{3}$ the price of meat. . . . But don't worry," he adds reassuringly, "we're still fighting inflation."

A student from New Hampshire, inspired perhaps by the approach of summer and the end of the college year, described the sort of propaganda which would be used in the "frozen war." "There are no more pamphlets, no more cheap mimeographed bales of paper. We seduce them with three-dimensional pictures of home, their farms and their mountains. Our 'leaflets,' if they can be called such, are perfumed with the scent of pine needles

or hay, and one batch even smells like horse manure."

A student brought up on the blocks and in the subways of New York saw it all from a different angle. Propaganda will become so frenzied, he predicted, that the war will actually begin with the following announcement from Stalin in a "deep basso voice": "All Americans are dirty, bourgeois warmongers, and Margaret can't sing a note." This is immediately countered by President Truman, now in his sixth term, speaking in a "Missouri falsetto": "Gentlemen, we are no longer faced with a choice. We are dealing with double-dealers, men who do not have the capacity for rational thinking. For, assuming Stalin's first statement to be true, where does it follow that my daughter can't sing?"

THE FEW STUDENTS who saw some hope in world politics wrote in a grave and serious manner. It was almost as though they expected the horse-laugh of history to contradict them at any time. Their essays were timid, wistful, and a little pathetic.

One anticipated that Stalin would die, and so set off a revolution in Russia ending the threat of war. Another looked forward to a "world super-state, much stronger than the UN, which would control the political fate of mankind." A third expected the present alignment of Russia vs. the United States to

shift, so that Russia, for her own survival, would find herself allied with the West against the East, headed by China and India.

However, settling for a continuation of the status quo and its tensions, an N.R.O.T.C. student, about to leave college, envisaged life in the Navy in 1961. "Naval life will be a great hardship then because I'll have nothing to do but rest, sail, fish, and visit Hollywood, and I'll soon be bored . . . At least fifteen days out of every thirty will be spent on leave, with additional time for holidays and celebrations. But in ten years, there will also be greater freedom for women, and after some girl takes me out for a while, I'll get her to propose and we'll settle down."

Life in the Army, however, will be slightly different. One large sweater-wearing, gum-chewing and back-slapping student, a fullback on the Frosh football team, whose themes I had noticed previously for their witty and original grammar, described a typical day at "Camp Breakdown." "I put on my khaki underwear, khaki shirt, khaki pants, khaki belt, khaki socks, khaki shoes. Then I combed my hair with a khaki comb and pulled the khaki covers over my khaki bed." After a thirty-mile hike before breakfast with a full pack of "compressed proteins" and "atomic grenades" on his shoulders, followed by a dressing-down from his sergeant, he philoso-

phizes: "Thus I exist, sleeping, dreaming, marching, grouching—but I'm still living and I guess that's what counts, anyhow."

Forecasts for civilian life were divided just as evenly between black gloom and millennial optimism. Two students from the Middle West, both tow-headed, both highly intelligent, and both deeply concerned with the drift of world politics, saw two very different worlds awaiting them.

"As a result of atomic energy," wrote one, "we will have an era of prosperity beyond any golden age of the past—Periclean Athens, the Italy of the Medici, the England of Elizabeth or the America of Coolidge." His friend could imagine only "a mass of ruins, all art and morality destroyed, and the few people left killing one another for food. At best we will have the greatest depression ever seen. We will not find the familiar bread line again, however, but what will be called the 'pill line.' There will be no bread to give away, for all the arable land will have become radioactive."

As might be expected, there was a great deal of futuristic spoofing.

"The dreams of a 'Flash Gordon' will be realized," predicted one usually sober-minded physics major, "with moving sidewalks, commercialized atomic energy, movies become 'feelies,' 'tasties,' and 'smellies,' family rocket ships, cosmic

ray treatments in the womb to make everybody beautiful, and all that."

Another, in the same vein, predicted that the proper names of people would become numbers for purposes of better classification. "Poets will address their odes to lovely x-97 or shy g-55, instead of to Chloe or Amaryllis."

One rather spare and ascetic looking student, a major in Political Science, who wrote all his other papers with the assigned minimum of words exactly counted out, became expansive on this subject. "The moon by '61 or bust," he began. "We are living in what you might call a pregnant age — Homo Sap must give birth to Homo Superior or perish."

THOSE STUDENTS who chose to describe themselves rather than the world in 1961 expected fewer marvels and prodigies of change. They were to be doctors, engineers, architects, millionaires of no special kind, and one even a race-track commissioner at Churchill Downs. The architect would have his office in a mid-town New York skyscraper of no special design; and the engineer pictured himself as a "big industrialist working on a second million — but not too strenuously."

The future doctors, however, seemed to expect a hard time. One of them saw himself living on some desolate outpost. "I shall come down from the mountains into their

burning cities and deliver their babies into the world."

A young poet, a shy, aloof boy with a perpetually distracted air, who used to show me his verses written in the melancholy style of "The Shropshire Lad" and "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," found the assigned theme much to his liking. "What could confront me in ten years that is foreign to me now?" he asked. "I might be disillusioned, but I am disillusioned now. I could be happy, but I knew happiness years ago. I feel sure that I will be economically stagnant, if not unstable, for I am among the most unaggressive of people and can only conquer the world in my dreams. . . . Of course, my world will not really be as I have described it. I will either be dead, or the rest of the world will be dead."

His counterpart in class, a high-spirited, glad-handed football player, who did as little work and took as many cuts as the Dean would allow, was wryly humorous about it all: "Life will still involve struggling with other men. While some of these will be stronger, I consider my chances for survival very good, for my greed, coupled with my very mean heart, will surpass their vices — or virtues."

One of the saddest themes of all came from a student majoring in Business Administration, who imagined himself the head of a family with six children. "Little did I

Columbia itself is pictured in one essay, written by a student about to leave for the Army, as it would appear at an alumni meeting in 1961.

Which is perhaps very much the way it is going to be.

***Inflation — and too many misspent billions —
may cause our destruction***

How Stalin Can Win

Bonner Fellers

JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH Lenin predicted that some day “the United States will spend herself into destruction.” Are we now moving toward the fulfillment of this prediction?

Our Government has made world-wide commitments which, if not curbed, seem likely to wreck our economy. Since World War II, through the fiscal year ending June 30, 1952, the Federal Treasury will have disgorged two-thirds of its entire income for defense and foreign aid. Because of the lag in production, not quite all of *this year's more than one hundred billion dollar budget* can be spent. Nevertheless, appropriations actually exceed calculated income by \$38 billion! Our fabulous

spending program, with its resultant inflationary impact, has led us to a sinister paradox. The more we spend to contain Communism, the more we further its primary objective — the collapse of capitalism.

There has been a sharp rise in requirements for defense and foreign aid. During the fiscal year 1951, these two items demanded nearly \$25 billion — 57 per cent — of the \$45 billion budget. For the current fiscal year, defense and foreign aid account for \$77 billion — 75 per cent — of our unprecedented budget.

For the fiscal year 1952, the Army, Navy, and Air Force each planned an expansion to roughly one-third its World War II peak strength. The Army asked for twenty-seven divisions, equipment for an additional twenty-four and a total of 1.6 million men. The Navy contemplated a strength of nearly a million men, and the reactivation of *half* its twenty-eight large carriers.

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The Air Force set its sights for ninety-five groups and a personnel strength of slightly more than a million. These expansion costs were estimated at \$105 billion.

The Under-Secretary of Defense, however, required the three services to reduce the scope of their programs by some 30 per cent. But this enforced curtailment did not prevent the development of new plans for future expansion.

For the fiscal year 1953, President Truman and the National Security Council have approved 27 regular divisions for the Army; 16 large and 16 small carrier air groups, three Marine divisions with three air wings for the Navy; and 126 combat air wings for the Air Force. The total strength of the Armed Forces is to be 3,800,000 men.

THERE ARE OTHER MEASURES entailing great expenditures, some of which are difficult to assess:

The indeterminate cost of the war in Korea is not included as an item in the '52 budget. For this, a supplemental budget will be submitted early in 1952. President Truman has pledged Korean rehabilitation; possibly a minor portion may be borne by other UN members. This fiscal year our foreign aid — \$7.3 billion — mostly for North Atlantic Treaty Organization is equal to the total defense expenditures of all other NATO powers. It has been disclosed that we shall be asked to

give a total of \$40 to \$45 billion military and economic aid to NATO during the next three years. In view of Britain's new economic crisis, Mr. Churchill will ask for something like a billion dollars annually. France also has been promised additional dollar aid. Following the British reluctance to furnish troops for Europe, there was put forward at the NATO Rome Conference the American plan for 12 West German Divisions with an estimated first year cost of \$14 billion. Security guarantees and military aid, in the shape of the Atlantic Pact commitments, have been made with Pacific powers; similar agreements are being considered for the Middle East and South Asia.

At home we face additional staggering expenditures:

The over-all Civil Defense program requires \$6 or \$7 billion additional funds. Senator McMahon has urged a military atomic development to cost \$6 billion. When implemented, UMT will cost an annual \$4 billion. The initiation of an \$11 billion naval construction and conversion program — including super-carriers — has been authorized. Finally, normal expenses for civil government — including \$5.7 billion interest on the national debt — continue to average about \$25 billion a year.

As it now stands, *this year's defense and foreign aid expenditures are three times those of last year!*

The late Kenneth S. Wherry, when a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, estimated that "we will have for the current year, 1952, appropriations which total \$105 billion." And that the 1953 budget "will far exceed in appropriations the figures I have given for the fiscal year 1952."

Added to this, the over-all fiscal position is aggravated by the national debt of \$258 billion which is twice the total national debts of all European powers, except Russia.

Meanwhile increased taxes are lifting the Federal income. This year the Government calculates to tax the people \$64 billion. The burden which this tax imposes reflects in the eighteen million delinquent tax notices which the Government estimates it will send out for 1952.

If this year's \$102 billion budget were actually spent, the average obligation for each of the forty million American families would be \$2550. Treasury estimates place the national gross income (for the current fiscal year) at \$300 billion, which if distributed equally among families would amount to \$7500 each. Were we to pay as we go, 34 per cent of the gross income of each family would be taken by direct and indirect Federal taxes. State and local taxes amount to an added 7 per cent — a total tax of 41 per cent or \$3075 a year for the average family.

Mussolini took 40 per cent of his

peoples' income; Hitler took 50; Stalin takes about 70. By moving into the dictator's tax scale, we are fulfilling the Karl Marx prescription: "There's only one way to kill capitalism — by taxes, taxes, and more taxes."

Since no American administration could stay in power and exact 40 per cent of the peoples' gross income, our Government is turning from the dictator's extortion to deficit spending. As the deficit mounts, the inflation curve rises — till it shoots skyward like a rocket.

THE UNMISTAKABLE SIGNS of inflation are already upon us. Last May 29, General Marshall told the Congress: "The loss of guns, tanks, and planes through creeping inflation is just as damaging to national security as if they had been destroyed in battle or captured by a more visible and concrete enemy." He also said that during 1950-1951 inflation has taken from the military establishment about \$7 billion of the \$35 billion which had been voted by the Congress for rearmament.

Before World War II it cost \$20 million to equip an infantry division; now it costs \$91 million. A B-29 Bomber in World War II cost \$650,000; its replacement model, the B-47 Jet today costs \$1,800,000. In World War II the medium tank cost \$80,000; its replacement model now costs \$170,000. The 40 mm World War II anti-aircraft gun cost

THIS IS WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES!

For Fiscal Year — Ending June 30, 1952

Defense Appropriations:*

Army.....	\$23	Billion
Navy.....	17	"
Air Force.....	22	"
Mutual Security (Foreign Aid).....	7.3	"
Military bases.....	4	"
Atomic Energy.....	1.4	"
Other defense items.....	2.5	"
	\$77.2	

Civil Expenditures (Approximate)

Interest on debt.....	\$ 5.7	"
Veteran Administration.....	6	"
Normal Government Agencies	13.3	"
	\$25	

Government calculated income from taxes.....	\$64 Billion
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Cost of War in Korea NOT Included.

*Congressional Record, Nov. 9, Pages A-7145-6

\$50,000; its replacement model, the skysweep 75 mm, now costs \$300,000. The M1 rifle in World War II cost \$63; it now costs \$95. In fairness, it should be added that the new weapons are superior to the old ones.

Every family in America is feeling the pinch of inflation. We are being told that controls will make everything all right. Lenin understood the power of inflation in the establishment of a collective state when he said, "If I can control the currency of a country, I don't care who may control the army."

Controls will never halt inflation so long as Federal deficits continue. Throughout World War II, every control considered necessary was invoked. Yet the purchasing power of the dollar declined 40 per cent. The dollar can retain its value only if Federal spending is limited to Federal income.

Americans will not long endure the regimentation and the monstrous tax burden already in prospect. It is folly to abandon our indigenous free enterprise system which has made us great, to copy the collective state which has made Europe decadent.

Nevertheless, compelling and patriotic appeals are made for deficit spending. We are told that since our peril is great, defense must be purchased now, no matter what the cost. We are urged to trust our military leaders. *Yet, in spite of their ten-*

digit military spending we are not getting security.

OUR POSITION IN KOREA remains precarious. There, Red ground and air forces are numerically far stronger than our own. In jet fighters the Chinese Red Air Force outnumbers us in the ratio of seven to one. Stalin can scarcely be dissatisfied with his first satellite war.

In Europe, even the proposed sixty Allied divisions will not impress Stalin. He already has sixty satellite divisions in Central Europe which he could back up, as he chooses, with 200 to 500 divisions of the Red Army. The Red airborne and paratroop forces each totals 100,000 regular troops. If war comes, the Red Air Force, initially, will dominate European skies.

With German technical assistance, Russia is methodically and doggedly building a great Air Force.

Just as our military experts were astonished at the Red Army resistance in the last war, they may be appalled at the effectiveness of the Red Air Force in the next.

Cold, calculating Stalin — fully aware of the potency of air power — is unlikely to start a war until he feels sure of victory in the air. The corollary is important: *If America achieves air supremacy, there may be no war!*

Pentagon planners, however, fail to grasp this significance. They are neglecting to build air supremacy.

In spite of the billions we are spending, our home defense is being neglected. While our superior fleet can prevent major ground and sea attacks against the United States, our population and industrial centers are within range of Red Air Force strikes. Under the present ninety-five-group Air Force program, according to General Vandenberg, the interceptor defense of the United States is inadequate. In a total war, our present strategic bomber command, for want of aircraft replacements, would be expended in a few months.

The much-talked-of radar warning system is neither a barrier nor a screen. Its establishment is progressing, but at best it can give only one or two hours' notice of impending attack.

In Europe, provision for air defense is even less adequate than for land defense. The Red Air Force, of some 20,000 combat planes, could flatten European cities *without a land invasion by the Red Army*.

An estimated minimum of 10,000 Allied planes would be required to neutralize the Red Air Force. The bulk of Britain's aircraft is needed at home. Aircraft production of other Atlantic Powers is negligible. If Europe is to enjoy air cover, the United States will have to provide the major portion. There is no such provision in our Air Force budget.

Our concept for the land defense of Europe is basically faulty. In

peace time free peoples of the West can never match, numerically, the vast standing armies recruited from enslaved populations of the East. It costs \$10,000 per year to maintain one American soldier, exclusive of his weapons. It costs Russia only a fraction of that amount to maintain her soldiers and to produce weapons; everyone works for the Government anyway. Russia will always enjoy a pronounced numerical and economic advantage over us in providing ground forces.

To challenge Communist expansion successfully with ground forces, we have only two alternatives—continue present spending and collapse our economy or collectivize our Government in order to abolish free enterprise prices and salaries.

Nevertheless—come what may—*we dare not permit Russia to add air supremacy to her ground force advantage.*

IS THERE NO WAY OUT of this seemingly impossible situation? Certainly there is. *It lies in a new over-all military strategy.*

Four momentous developments have dictated the necessity for strategy revision:

1. World War II upset the world's balance of power. In that war Allied populations outnumbered those of the Axis in a seven to one ratio. To-day, Moscow-dominated populations number eight hundred million; the population of NATO powers is

three hundred million. In manpower, we are on the short end of an eight to three ratio.

2. Since V-J Day, air power has increased its effectiveness. Our strategic bombers now fly twice as fast, three times as far, and twice as high as the B-29, the best World War II bomber. Intercontinental bombing is practicable.

3. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima was the equivalent of 18,000 tons of TNT. The one dropped on Nagasaki was the equivalent of 27,000 tons of TNT. Our latest atomic bombs — now available in quantity — are the equivalent of 100,000 tons of TNT. (During the present tension, it would be calamitous for our leaders to bargain away this advantage in atomic weapons).

4. Stalin's vulnerability has been augmented by the rising resentment of his enslaved population against inhuman Kremlin tyranny.

IN OUR NEW STRATEGY *Allied numerical disadvantage in manpower can be compensated only by American supremacy in the air and in atomic weapons.*

Strategic air power is recognized today as the principal war deterrent. This fact has been stressed repeatedly by Mr. Churchill. The late Secretary Forrestal wrote in his diary: "The chief deterrent to war is the threat of immediate retaliation with the atomic bomb."

If war comes, just as Japan's industry and Germany's synthetic gasoline and rubber production were demolished by strategic bombing, Russia's industry likewise can be destroyed. This destruction can be accomplished from bases which we can hold in America, England, Spain, Africa, and island bastions off the Coast of Asia. Denied support of Russia's war industry, the effectiveness of the Red Forces would deteriorate rapidly even if Europe were overrun.

Air power must be our pre-eminent weapon against Russia. The Army and Navy should be powerful supporting arms to protect and supply the bases from which air power is unleashed. In keeping with this new role, Army and Navy expenditures should be greatly curtailed.

If the National Guard is maintained as at present, the Army could safely limit its strength to some sixteen highly mobile regular divisions. This would give us four more regular divisions than now exist. Our token forces in Europe are a morale builder to stimulate rearmament. But if the Red Army strikes, their mission will prove to have been "pump priming" with American lives.

The power of the Red fleet — *except for submarines* — is negligible. Our Navy which is *already in being* could safely limit its activities to the development of anti-submarine techniques and to keeping in instant readiness.

By 1954, the present Army authorization of \$23 billion and that for the Navy of \$17 billion, each should be gradually cut in half. These reduced figures would still enable the Army and Navy, under the new strategy, to fulfill their missions with their traditional effectiveness and esprit de corps.

To achieve American air supremacy will require an increase from the present \$22 billion to an annual expenditure of \$30 billion for four or five years. After air supremacy is achieved, the \$30 billion expenditure can be materially reduced.

American air supremacy, which is the maximum war deterrent against Russia, would enable us to reduce foreign aid. *UMT, of course, would be unnecessary.*

A full-scale psychological campaign, using the existing anti-Communist Russian underground to drive deeper the wedge between the Kremlin and the Russian people should be launched immediately. Once their hatred of the Kremlin crystallizes, Stalin cannot depend upon his people to support a war.

This new military strategy would be most likely to prevent war. It would soon enable us to pay as we go. It would defeat inflation.

Since the Air Force is the only arm which can strike Russia's war potential, this reapportionment of funds would actually strengthen our military position, and thus extend more rather than less aid to our

Allies. It is the best possible implementation of our treaty obligation.

THE QUESTION arises: Why then don't our Pentagon chiefs adopt this new more economical and effective strategy?

Unfortunately, events have demonstrated that it is impossible for the three Chiefs of the Armed Forces to evolve a new strategy. Each Chief, because of understandable loyalty, instinctively fights for the best interest of his own service.

No Chief can down-grade his service and survive. If he agrees to a strategy which assigns a supporting role to his own arm, his brother officers turn against him. The situation could be alleviated by lifting the ban on personnel transfers from one service to another. This would permit varying the relative strengths of the services to meet changing conditions without damaging professional careers.

Beneath the surface there is no basic unity among the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Agreements are reached only through compromises, which result in prohibitive expenditures and faulty strategy. Military expenditures occupy such a colossal portion of our budget that they must be pared to prevent disaster through inflation. Rigid economy in civil expenditures is not enough.

Our resources do not permit us to continue lavish foreign aid, to create a massive army, to expand the

fleet, and at the same time build air supremacy. Yet, if the Air Force is not permitted to establish air supremacy, the security of the United States and Europe will be imperiled.

In this dangerous situation, each of the three Chiefs rightly insists that his arm be maintained strong enough to discharge its responsibilities. These responsibilities each Chief naturally interprets as the major factor in total war. Higher authority should prescribe a master strategy which assigns to one arm the pre-eminent role and to the other two supporting roles.

Up to the present, agreement reached has resulted in a division of the military budget somewhat equally among the three services. This division is known as "balancing the forces." *There was never a greater misnomer or a more mischievous deception.*

Forces can be balanced only against the enemy. We must plan to avoid and by-pass enemy strength while we strike his weakness with all our might.

Against Russia, this means we must avoid the full weight of the Red Army. We must exploit our greatest strength — our genius and ability to achieve mastery of the air. Against overwhelming air power the vast Red Army would be helpless to prevent the destruction of Russia's war making industry.

It is the responsibility of the Secretary of Defense to evolve this new

strategy. General Marshall's strategy always depended upon a massive ground Army with Air and Navy support, but with dollars he balanced one arm against the others in an effort to keep everybody happy. There is no indication that his successor, Mr. Robert A. Lovett, will modify General Marshall's basic concept.

THE BEST immediate hope in this critical situation is for Congress boldly to take the lead. Under the Constitution the Congress is empowered "to pay the debts and provide for the common defense." As a suggestion, it could appoint a commission which might consist of our ex-President, five Senators, five Representatives, and all officers of five-star rank not assigned to active duty. The commission should be instructed to determine a defense program for which we can pay, one that will deter war, or win if war comes.

This commission could hear the experts. It could weigh the evidence and evolve a specific strategy to meet our unprecedented economic and military challenge.

Unless the American people — through their representatives in the Congress — demand *now* a solution to this most pressing problem, disaster will be upon us.

We can lose to Stalin, even without war, if government spending continues so greatly to exceed our national income.

THE EDITORS INTRODUCE . . .

James Hines

JAMES HINES' short story, "Will Whomper's Last Sermon," marks THE MERCURY's introduction of what we feel to be one of the country's most promising and sincere natural writing talents. For a closer view of the young author, we let Mr. Hines speak in his own words. . . .

"I am twenty-four years old. Now at present I am working in the Chicago Steel Mills where I have been for two years, writing in my spare time. I plan on writing a book about the steel mills. I am building me a little writing place back in Horse Branch, Kentucky, where I was born, and I plan on going back there and devoting my time to writing.

"I spent the first sixteen years of my life in the Kentucky hills. I ran away from home or my father kicked me out. My father can't read or write. My grandfather can't read or write. And they didn't like my reading. They said I was lazy. I was in Evansville, Ind., Chicago, Atlanta, Memphis, Los Angeles. I worked in Hollywood, a minor judge on a Heart's Desire radio program, also in California clearing forest trails. I worked as an electric welder, bolt and nut machine operator, deck-lay

man, blueprint-clerk, and a number of other jobs in the Steel Mills.

"I attended the University of Kentucky for almost two years and left without money and without grades. I took night classes in night school here and there. I went to the library. I got my first typewriter when I was thirteen years old, worked in the lumber camps and worked in hayfields to pay for it. I suppose I've always wanted to be a writer, to write, and have always done this. I believe education is where you find it. I was in the army for a while. I have traveled around by train, by bus, by plane, by boat, and hitch-hiked and hopped freight trains.

"I took a short course in Creative Writing under A. B. Guthrie, Jr., at the University of Kentucky. Guthrie said I was no good and he gave me a C in his course. He did admit that I'd come someplace, go someplace, but he didn't see how I managed to do it.

"I've had an interesting life. I've written some stories that have appeared in the Western and farm magazines, not anything important. I feel swell-headed having a story in THE MERCURY."

James Hines

Will Whomper's Last Sermon

A STORY

I KNOCKS ON the door of Uncle Will Whomper's cabin at Muddy Water Forks on Skelton Creek. Uncle Will meets me at the door with a gun in his hand.

"Lo, Burlap," he says, as he eases the hammer down on his forty-five. "Come in and jine me in a drink and listen to my sermon I'm a-workin' on."

I follow him into the shanty.

"I'm a Man of God now," says Will. "I'm thru' fightin' them Pryors with guns. Yessir, I'm a Man of God. I'm a-trustin' the Lawd to the limit. He'll give me Power to whip 'em."

Uncle Will is one of them fighting Whomper clansmen who have been having war with the Pryor tribe, who have lived up Skelton Creek, ever since early bunches of both families settled here in Kentucky in 1854.

I sit down on a block of wood that

Will offers me for a seat. Sitting down is a dangerous business. Will has only one chair and it has the back out of it. He has a block of wood turned upside down that serves as chairs for any company that he might have. Uncle Will don't care, as he is an old bachelor.

"Have a sample of my Honorable Herbs?" Will pulls a black and white stone jug from under the bed covers of his bed, holds it up to his ear, shakes it, and hands it to me.

I turn up the jug and take a deep swallow. "This is good lickin'," I says, smacking my lips. "Make it your ownself?"

"Nawsir," Will says. "Bought it from the Martin boys up Cat Track Hollow."

I light my pipe and take a deep drag of smoke to get the taste of moonshine liquor out of my mouth. I can feel the stuff going down in my insides. It feels like someone is

ramming a hacksaw blade down my throat.

"Yessir," brags Will. "I'm a Man of God now. With the Power of the Lawd, I'll whip them there Pryors in the name of the Speerit. Listen to my sermon here that I writ down yisterday."

Uncle Will takes down two books from the fireboard mantel over the fireplace. He blows the dust off of them. He takes out a piece of brown sack paper from betwixt one of the book's leaves with something writ all over it. The marks look like where children have been playing in the sand. I can tell by the color and the size of one of the books that it is a New Testament.

"Listen to my sermon," Will says.

"Brethern and Sistern . . . Children of God. I takes my text from the forty-seventh chapter in the Episode of St. Petersburg. I ain't afeerd of them damn fightin' Pryors and with your help and guidance, Oh Lawd, I'll whip 'em and hang their hides on the fence. I'm the walkin' Speerit of the land and I walks in the name of God."

He jumps to his feet and shouts:

"Was Daniel afeerd in the Lions' Den? Was the Hebrew Children afeerd of the fiery furnace? Was the Preacher afeerd of the bear? Naw, by hell, they wuzzen't! Ah! They had your Speerit with 'em, Lawd; and that's the reason, by hell, I ain't afeerd of the Pryors."

Will jumps out in the middle of the room and whacks his feet together against the rough oak floor of the cabin. He draws back his fist and hits the wall of the cabin. It pops like the sound of a fired shotgun. "Naw, by hell," he hollers, "I ain't afeerd of the Pryors. I got the Speerit of the Lawd with me, just like Daniel had when he was in the den of lions and God put locks on the lions mouths to keep them from bitin' 'im.

"Yipp-ee-e! Yippee-ee!" yells Will, louder than a holy-roller preacher ever hollered, making the windows in the cabin rattle.

Uncle Will thinks he is already preaching in the church house.

HE POINTS A gnarled, crooked finger at me and asks, as he glares out of wicked, insane looking, green eyes, "What did General Stonewall Jackson say at the Battle of Chickamauga?"

"Stop, stop!" I yells, jumping off the block of wood I'm sitting on and getting back out of his reach. "You've got Bible, history and song all mixed up together. I remember Greatgrandpa a-tellin' me about 'im being with General Stonewall Jackson in the Civil War. Ah knows he couldn't have been living in Bible times and fought in the Civil War, unless he was resurrected from the dead."

"How'd you like my sermon?" Will asks, coming back to normal

once more and sitting down weakly in his chair without a back in it and wiping the sweat from his face that resembles a turkey gobbler's comb, it is so red.

"Too much history in it," I tells him. "Besides, you've got that song Bud Wallace picks on his banjer, *The Preacher and the Bear*, in it. And another thing: you have to be saved by the Grace of God a-fore you can preach. And that ain't all. After you are converted, if the Lord thinks you will make a good man to carry on The Word, he calls you to deliver the Gospel."

HOW DO YOU get saved?" Will asks.

"By goin' to church. There the Speerit of the Lord comes around to you. You ain't been inside of a church house for years. How do you think you're going to come in contact with God? You always stand out in the yard."

"I looks in thru the window at the preacher-man. You knows I ain't got any slippers to wear and now-days men can't be caught out in the open without a pair of them there new-fangled slippers on. I tell you I don't know what in the world this younger generation is a-comin' to. But what I wants to know is, what is a Speerit?"

"That is the Power of the Lord a-visitin' your soul in the form of a Speerit."

"Anyway," says Will, "I done

sent word by Brother Sam Hodges to Preacher Jeeper Backlog this here mornin' that I would holp 'im out with his sermon Saturday night at the Swayback Chapel Church over at Crazy Woman's Forks."

"Oh, my Lordy," I moans. "You can't put all that stuff in your sermon, Uncle Will, about the Lord a-goin' to help you whip the Pryors, 'cause that whole set will be there at the meetin' Saturday night."

"Partake of my Honorable Herbs," says Will in Bible talk, lifting the jug to his lips and letting the strong liquid gurgle down his throat. I watch his Adam's apple bobble up and down. The sound he makes is like that of a roaring, over-flowing creek in February.

"Believe I will sample another drink," I tells Will, taking the jug from his hands, as I hate not to accept Will's drinks.

While I am drinking from the jug, Will starts his sermon again.

"I'll skin them Pryors' hides Saturday night. I'll rip 'em off from the bottoms of their feet to the top of their heads. I'll slit their throats from ear to ear. I'll raise the roof of the meetin' house. It'll be too hot for 'em on the inside. I'll bring 'em to Jesus. Turn or burn!" yells Will. He is beginning to feel the effects of the strong-proof moonshine.

"Turn or burn!" he shouts in a deep voice, shaking the cabin walls. "The Wages of Sin is death! The

Wages of Sin is death!" The windows in the cabin rattle.

"Goodbye," I says to Will, making my retreat while I am all in one piece. "I'll see you at Swayback Church Saturday night. Take care, Uncle Will. Take care."

I do.

SWAYBACK CHAPEL CHURCH stands on a steep hillside. It resembles the curved back of a broken-down saddle horse. The hillside is a-swarming with people when I get there. Occasionally some drunk lets out a yell and fires his pistol in the air. I can see the splashes of fire fly in the dark night and hear the whistle of bullets as they sing over my head. A hunter's horn blows from a briar thicket on the steep hillside above. "Some of the Horse Branch boys on their way fox huntin' have stopped by for church," I think. "They're up there above the church house takin' a dram."

All the Pryor and Whomper tribes are gathered here. All the country has heard about Brother Will Whomper going to lead church tonight. It seems like everybody is here. Drunks on the outside of the church drink more than they can stand and pass out. Some folks are busy cussing the preacher. Pryors are cussing Whompers and Whompers are cussing Pryors.

Trouble is bound to come when Pryors and Whompers gather together. Some members of the clans

are in the meetin' house with their women and children. But, trouble or no trouble, they always come for miles around for church or dances or anything else.

The last time the Whompers and Pryors tangled was at a Candidates' Barbecue, sponsored by the County officials running for election. As usual, some of the members of the Pryor and Whomper clans were carrying a full load of mountain moonshine.

Zeb Whomper knocked Essee Pryor's "sun-down" straw hat off his head. This started trouble right there. Fists started flying. There were many members there of both clans and it seemed like everybody had knives, razors, and guns. Before sober members of the tribe and the Sheriff and his deputies could get things quieted down, three people lay dead: Bud and Ace Whomper and Jason Pryor. All of these were the younger members of the clans. Ace Whomper was a mere boy who had not shaved yet.

That day the clansmen cussed each other and vowed to meet again, and swore that when they did there would be hell to pay.

The church house is full. All the benches are filled, and men and boys stand up in the back of the house. Folks sit in the windows, and outside the yard is swarming with people. The church resembles a beehive and the folks resemble bees, as there is so much going on around the house.

The church house has no ceiling. Braces have been nailed crossways of the house to keep a strong wind from blowing it down. Boys have climbed up on these braces which are nailed up over the heads of the crowd. They have a good view of the whole house. The musicians are tuning up their fiddles, banjers, mandolins, guitars, dulcimers, and other kinds of musical instruments.

Preacher Backlog sits back in the corner of the pulpit reading his Bible. Uncle Will is sitting right up front beside the pulpit stand. He looks like the crowd has him charmed — like a cat charms a bird. He has on no shoes. He sets cross-legged in a straight-back chair, wiggling his big, dirty toes. His toes are the only part of him that is moving. I can see yellow mud under his toe nails. They are growed out long and crooked like spurs on a game rooster. Looks to me like he would have taken a fork and cleaned out his long toe nails before coming to church. It says something in the Good Book about keeping clean.

Will has on a new pair of overalls rolled up at the bottoms about a foot. He has on a soiled white shirt with a twisted red necktie. "Uncle Will's been a-washin' his white shirt in cold crick water agin," I thought. His hair sticks up on his egg-shape head like an old rag mop. That is because he has always been use to wearing a hat and not combing his hair. His black beard bristles like a

hound dog on a scent of a piece of hog meat.

After Sister Dimmersdale has led prayer and the musicians play and sing *When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder*, with the folks joining in, Preacher Backlog takes the floor and says:

"Bretherin' and Sisters, we are gathered here tonight to hear the Word of God. Tonight we have with us a man you all have knowed many years, Brother Will Whomper. As you all knows, Brother Will has been one of the meanest sinners in the whole crick bottom country. Now the Lawd has worked one of his many miracles and saved Brother Will by His Grace, and he has been called to serve the Lawd, to preach the Gospel. Now I am turnin' the sermon over to Brother Whomper."

I WISH UNCLE WILL had the four days growth of beard shaved offen his face. I would like to see the color of his face. I can see nothing but his forehead, and little beads of sweat is standing out on it like dew on a blade of corn in the early summer morn.

After Preacher Backlog says his final words, he sits down on the mourner's bench facing the pulpit box. I am sitting two seats behind him.

Brother Whomper gets weakly to his feet and goes to the pulpit, laying his New Testament on the pulpit box. He yells out in a loud voice

which makes the tin roof of the meetin' house rattle.

"All right, everybody. Let's have that ol' song that for many years I cussed."

Uncle Will claps his hands and stomps his feet, and we all join in and sing the old-time religious song, *I'll Fly Away in Glory*.

After the song is sung, everybody is so quiet that you can hear a pin drop in the house, if one drops. Even on the outside everybody is quiet, including the hound dogs and the drunks, waiting to hear what Brother Whomper is going to say.

"Bretherin' and Sisters — Children of God," Uncle Will clears his throat. "I'm here armed with the Power of the Lawd to knock the Devil out of you. I'm here for one purpose alone and that is to indict sin. I comes up here to peel your hides — to skin you alive. You all are suckers to live for Ol' Satan. Come out for Jesus! Come out for Jesus! Come out for Jesus, everybody, including thine enemies who are present."

At the mention of enemies there is a nervous movement in the house, followed by the sound of scraping feet on the floor and benches being pushed back. Uncle Will is getting on slippery ground, but he preaches all the harder.

"... Then were the days of peace and prosperity. Friends, I thank the Lawd tonight that I'm on the Glory Bound train, on that road

to the city of the golden streets. Ah! I'm so happy tonight with the love of Christ in my heart, ah! I'm just so happy that I could beat all hell out of the Pryors! Didn't St. Peter hit his brother Cain over the head with a fence slat and knock the hell out of 'im for not doing what he wanted 'im to do? Didn't little David take his slingshot and sailing rocks and go out to meet that big giant? He protected him and his folks from the enemy. The Lawd was behind 'im. Well, now, the Pryors . . ."

A PRYOR RAISES to his feet in the back of the house, but a hand pulls him back down.

"Sinners!" Uncle Will shouts. "You go to hell! Er' . . . 'er . . . I mean you sinners are going to hell." Uncle Will stutters a little bit and he becomes more excited. "Fill up your lamps," he continues. "Yessir, fill up the lamps of life. Keep 'em trim and burning. Git ready to move up yander above." He points his hand toward the rafters in the church. "Yessir, git ready to leave this ol' sinful world. I'm a-gittin' ready to move to Heaven in a chariot of fire, like the prophet Elijah done."

"I hope you have a nice jaunt," yells a half-drunk Pryor.

Uncle Will does not pay any attention to what the Pryor says. He keeps right on preaching, talking so fast that his words get mixed up more and more all the time. Some-

times you can tell what he is talking about and other times his voice deafens you, he yells so loud.

Will jumps up and down, whacking his feet together and hitting his hands on the pulpit box. He jumps down from the pulpit stand and runs down the aisle and back, between the two rows of people. As he runs down the aisle, a Pryor hits at him with a pair of brass knucks and another tries to trip him; but Uncle Will is too quick for them and jumps out of the way.

He gets back in the pulpit again. He runs around in circles, preaching all the time. He jumps from the old Bible to the New Testament. He only knows a few words from the Bible, so he preaches over the entire book. Uncle Will shouts: "I can whip the Pryors just like the mighty Samson slew the Philistines with the ass of a jawbone!"

THE PRYORS are getting about all they can stand of Will's sermon, as you can tell by the strained look on their faces. Burt Pryor takes out a bottle of white corn moonshine whiskey and takes a swag and passes it across in front of his galfriend to his brother who is sitting on the other side of his gal. His brother takes a drink and passes it to another Pryor, and in turn the bottle is passed until a Pryor empties it and throws the bottle in the middle of the church house floor. It bursts and broken glass flies all over the room.

"Better save that bottle to refill," growls Ol' Anse Pryor, leader of the Pryor clansmen, sitting in the back of the house with his fourteen-year-old wife.

Ordinarily the clansmen would have gone outside to drink their whiskey, but they are so worked up over Will's sermon that they don't give a hoot.

Outside, one of the drunk Pryor clansmen who is about past going, yells out in a loud voice:

"Hoorah, hoorah, for a damned twenty-eight model Ford. I hear Brother Avery Goff Pryor a-comin' in from the Hoss Crick bottoms with a car load of good lickier. Who wants to buy some? Step right up, gents, and pay your money now. If you ain't got any money, I'll take hens or eggs, a good plug of chawin' ter-backer or anything else you got for a body to trade. I'm everybody's friend tonight, 'ceptin' anything that has got Whomper blood in it." He yells again, and everyone in the church can hear him as plain as day. "Pay your money, gents, and drink good lickier. Then us Pryors can whip the damn Whompers! See this fist," he yells. "It can whip a damned field of Whompers itself. It ain't never failed me yet." He shakes his fists in the air. "Thesn' iron, thsn' steel . . . thsn' can't do it, thsn' will," he hiccups and gets to walking backwards and falls to the ground where he lays still.

Inside the house, people are pour-

ing out the doors and windows. Everybody is in a mad scramble. The sweat is pouring off Uncle Will. His soiled white shirt is wringing wet, like he has been thrown in a swimmin' hole in July with his clothes on.

Uncle Will is preaching hellfire and brimstone.

"I come here tonight in the name of the Lawd, the Great God, and I can whip anything in the name of the Lawd, including the whole blasted Pryor set." He cannot resist answering the Pryor yells that he hears on the outside.

The Pryors empty another bottle of white corn liquor and throw the bottle toward a window of the church. It misses going out the window and hits the wall. Pieces of glass fly everywhere, all over everyone. A Whomper takes all he can stand and jumps to his feet. He'll learn the Pryors to show a little respect for his kinfolks who are trying to preach the Holy Word. A Pryor instantly jumps to his feet. Soon all the Pryors and Whompers are getting to their feet. Everyone is in a mad scramble. Men are yelling, women and children screaming. Outside, a bunch of hound dogs get into a fight. Pryors and Whompers tangle up, overturning benches and upsetting the old cast iron stove, which stays in the church house the year round. The water bucket is overturned. Someone shoots out one of the two lights, and that just leaves a dim coal oil lamp to light

the house. You can't tell who is fighting who, and nobody seems to care.

"Take that, damn ye!" yells one Pryor gleefully, as he rams his fist up to the elbow in one fat Whomper's belly. "I told ye the last time we met at that barbecue I would git even with ye."

UP AT THE PULPIT Uncle Will Whomper is struggling with a big double-fisted, red-bearded Pryor who has his claw-like hands around Will's neck and is choking the living daylight out of him. Uncle Will is beating him over the head with his Bible. Will breaks loose and knocks the Pryor to the floor with a fist that is hard as a seasoned white oak knot. The floored Pryor jumps up with a pair of brass knucks in his hand and hits Preacher Whomper on the side of the jaw, breaking his jawbone. Another Whomper comes to the rescue of Will and hits the Pryor over the head with a piece of oak plank that has been torn off one of the church house benches in the tussle. The Pryor is laid out cold.

The Model A Ford pulls up to the meeting house with a crash, as the radiator is loose and the fan is knocking against it. It has one tire flat, the only good tire on it. The other tires are filled with sawdust in special sewed sacks in the place of inner tubes. Someone toots the horn in the car. A bunch of drunk Pryors is in the car singing *Bully of the*

Town. Jarfly Pryor is sitting in the back seat of the car plunking on his banjer. The sound the banjer makes is like that of a rusty saw in a knot-hole. The Pryors in the car begin firing their guns when they come to the passage in the song, "I'm looking for the bully; the bully can't be found."

Inside the meeting place the fight is about over. They have fought until they have given out. Somebody screams, "Enough, enough! The damned Sheriff's here with his deputies. Let's git outen here!"

"And the quickest way is too damn slow!" yells a deputy.

A Pryor lies with a bullet in his guts, just about dead. He is cussing the Whompers for all they are worth and making a feeble effort with his hands, trying to get a bottle of liquor lying within arm's reach of him. Blood seeps out the corners of his mouth. On both sides several members are knocked out cold and passed out drunk. Whompers and Pryors tear off down through the bushes. Both sides hate and despise the Law. More than one Pryor and Whomper has served a stretch in prison or lain in the county jail for months for fighting, thieving, and making and selling moonshine liquor.

PROBABLY SOME Whomper or Pryor with good intentions had sent word to the Sheriff about the meeting, but he arrived almost too

late to prevent the fight. But he was lucky to arrive when he did, as many more Whompers and Pryors would have gotten hurt.

Uncle Will Whomper forgets his Bible in his hasty retreat. He runs over someone as he tears off thru a briar thicket at breakneck speed. Uncle Will falls over the top of a man and rams his pistol barrel in the ground. "Don't sh — shoot, don't shoot," moans the man. "It's me, pore Preacher Backlog. I never done nobody any harm. I'm just getting away from that House of God that has turned into a Devil's party."

After almost all of the fighting Whompers and Pryors have gone, the Sheriff and one of his deputies set a brush pile afire in the meeting house yard. Several Whompers and Pryors lie stretched about the yard in the circle of the firelight.

One of the deputies says, "Looks like we got here too late to prevent this fight." He pours a bucket of water on an unconscious Pryor. "I believe this is Byers Pryor," he says, bending over and looking closely at the bloody face. "I've been a-waitin' to catch 'im fer a long time. He put a cake of soap in one of his socks and hit my brother Anderson over the head and escaped from the county jail last summer."

"Yep, that's Byers Pryor," another deputy says. "He's the one who sold that watered moonshine."

"We might as well take those to jail and leave that half-dead Pryor

here," the Sheriff says. "The set will be back after him sometime. No use a-tryin' to chase that bunch down from out there in the fields and thickets. They'd have so many witnesses on each side that it would be useless to try and convict 'em. That's how Ol' Sheriff Earp Gums got kilt, by a-goin' back in one of them hollows to arrest a Whomper fer a-stillin' licker. But fer these here we have all the evidence we need, and evidence is high proof."

"By hell!" screams a Pryor from

out in the bushes. "We'll git even with you Whompers yet. We'll git ye! You kilt my brother!"

THAT NIGHT I stays with Uncle Will and helps him tie up his broken jawbone.

"I'll never preach another sermon, Burlap Skinner," groans Will, "as long as I live. The only way to fight that damn Pryor tribe is with guns!" Uncle Will has forgotten his religion already. "Give me a snort outta my jug!" he hollers.

Baruch on Truman

Bernard Baruch has been called the Elder Statesman of the Democratic Party. As such here are his principal pronouncements on the present administration:

Truman is a rude, uncouth, vulgar man.¹

The inflation that has racked this country with such injury to those with fixed incomes and wages has not been the result of do-nothing economics. It has come from government-managed economics; from government favoritism to certain pressure groups in disregard of the national interest.²

The way to protect human rights is not to socialize them. . . . The chief threat to human rights is no longer of too little government. Freedom's greatest threat today is too much government.³

In foreign policy we continue to stagger from crisis to crisis, with the initiative left to the enemy.⁴

If American fiscal policy becomes a perpetual inflation machine — as "deficit financing" would make it — the result will be to enslave us to the government.⁵

We cannot arm against incompetence in government. We can only extirpate it.⁶

(¹: *To the press*, October, 1948; ^{2, 3, 4, 5}: *Address*, City College, New York, May 11, 1950; ⁶: *Address*, Washington University, St. Louis, June 6, 1950.)

In Our Readers' Opinion

A Criticism from Hungary

This month our Readers' Opinion Department is given over in its entirety to a thorough-going appraisal of THE MERCURY from behind the Iron Curtain. It originally appeared September 27, 1951, in Budapest in the Irodalmi Ujság (Literary News), the official publication of the Magyar Írók Szövetségének (Hungarian Writer's Union). This specimen of Communist invective was picked up and translated by Robert Meisner.

THE EDITORS

THE AMERICAN MERCURY is one of the most influential periodicals in the United States. It is by no means a comic book or a scandal sheet whose cover is disgraced with pictures of nude prostitutes or bloody gangster heroes. It has a conservative appearance — completely opposite to the American taste.

In the August issue, the latest to reach us, THE MERCURY openly states on page 124: "THE MERCURY is not written and edited for the people. The people don't read it. It is written for those few who prefer to think." Obviously THE MERCURY is

the journal for the cream of the American elite whose members not only despise all other nations but turn their backs in open disgust on their own unprivileged brothers, the American people.

Let's take a better look at this noble organ of those cornerstones of American culture, the drawing rooms of Washington and New York. The first article is entitled "Homosexuality in American Culture," and the table of contents lists such other features as these: "Gangsterism in Night Clubs," in which a famous singer by the name of Frank Sinatra reports "confidentially" on how he was started on his career by a group of gangsters; "In the Chains of Alcoholism," in which Armand Kashmanian, a Chicago criminal now serving a 15-year sentence, offers a colorful "psychological" essay on the development of his personality; and "Wolves and Night Flies," which describes the life of American youth in Greenwich Village.

Then what do Americans call pornography and filthy literature,

the reader might ask, if *THE MERCURY*, which opposes filth, looks like this? And yet its editors are correct: *THE MERCURY* is not an average publication. It is the best expression of American culture! It's Truman himself and what he stands for! The culture represented by *THE MERCURY* is as rotten, corrupt, and filthy as the culture of Hitler or Mussolini or Horthy. *THE MERCURY* is a repetition of the loud-mouthed, bragging fascistic publications; and it is more hypocritical, because in America the garbage dump is covered with the white veils of Puritanism, snobbish pretense, and limitless lies. Hitler burned books, but in America the progressive writer simply could never find a publisher.

Goering used to brag that he instinctively reached for a gun when he heard the word "cultured." The Goerings of the U. S. A. are more refined; they respect "culture" and over its slain body they make mournful speeches in defense of "human rights" and "Western culture." The Nazis in their ecstasy virtually glorified their own rottenness; *THE MERCURY* fights against homosexuality, uncovers gangsterism, and becomes alarmed at the moral depravation of American youth caused by narcotics, prostitution, and Hollywood. *THE MERCURY* is not ashamed to admit that only those young writers succeed who submit themselves to the unnatural desires of publishers.

It is indeed a disgusting, nauseating, inhuman, and rotten world we see looking down from the high moral pedestal of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. But the "sharp attack" it launches against evil is merely the peacock feather of the Roman patricians: it only prompts the comfortably reclining "people of culture" to vomit so that they can develop an even keener appetite for eating on with snobbish indifference and a clear conscience. The critics, reporters, essayists, and short story writers of *THE MERCURY* are the exact Broadway replicas of Boccaccio's jolly monks who insisted on learning everything from the confessing sinners, down to the juiciest little details, as the price of absolution and salvation.

LITERARY CRITICISM, too, has a place in *THE MERCURY*. Ralph de Toledano, a true gangster of journalism whom we have never heard of before, assures himself a prominent position on the black list of future war criminals with an article which calls attention of the authorities to the fact that in the past year several literary critics have dared to write occasional objective, approving reviews of progressive books. He calls those reviewers who criticized or neglected anti-Soviet books the Gravediggers of America.

And, also, as befits a significant periodical, *THE MERCURY* takes a look around the world. One article

describes how the American way of life is being born in Berlin; another is a satire, "How to Get Along in Mexico," by a decadent French writer; a third one deals with the Italian cultural problem — "That Lousy Spaghetti"; and the fourth is from a novel, "By The Waters of the Danube," the story of former counts and princes trying to adjust themselves in Budapest to the new world of the Soviet Union.

But business is business even for a magazine published for residents of the ivory tower. So the last article deals with Harry S. Truman, of whom it conclusively and provably states that (1) he is a notorious liar; (2) in 1922 he went bankrupt without paying his bills, causing his mother and brother to refuse to lend him any money; and (3) he is dishonest. We also find that a previous issue has published more details of Truman's personal life, and that it not only sold out but in some places people paid four times the regular price to get it; the White House itself ordered all U. S. attorneys to buy up available copies, using public funds. Not for purposes of prosecution, of course. Beyond the 138,000 copies already sold, *THE MERCURY* counts on one million additional people to buy reprints of the Truman article.

All this about Truman, of course, is a special treat for the refined readers of *THE MERCURY*. "Why should we waste our valuable time

reading about untalented gangsters," they ask, "when we have the juiciest scandals and the most fascinating gangsters in the White House?"

SUCH is the elite publication of U. S. culture in August 1951. The highest-ranking Yankee lords may, indeed, be proud of themselves. They are not like the millions of unfortunate, misled, physically and emotionally crippled American workers. These elite are not selling dope, they don't have to sing in nightclubs, their daughters don't have to sell themselves as do the daughters of the workers, and no one meddles in their affairs.

The readers of *THE MERCURY* are above all that. They know that a seething swamp is bubbling around them, and while they moan reverently and painfully about corruption, they wade happily in it themselves, like pigs in filthy wallows. "Our America is sinful but it's good for us," they shout, and "we are determined to defend this way of life against 'Red propaganda' even if it costs millions of workers their lives."

Dante in his poetic dream banished sinful, immoral criminals to the deepest recesses of hell. The people, with the inspiration of the Soviet Union, are building sufficient strength today so that they can banish the editors of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* to a latrine in the inferno of history. MIKLOS VASARHELYI

A doctor asks:

HOW ARE YOU?

MAX JACOBSON, M.D.

ACCORDING TO SOME anonymous wit, a bore is the kind of person who, when you ask him how he is, tells you. In the ordinary world, there is nothing more dispiriting than a lengthy detailed account of the ailments of a casual acquaintance. There is no more pathetic sight at a party than a reluctant listener trapped in a corner by a voluble hypochondriac or even a genuine invalid. The average man has all the medical complexities he can handle in the health problems of himself and his immediate family. Symptoms that would fascinate a medical man leave him as cold as stone, whereas he will respond warmly to any social topic from the amours of Hollywood stars to the zigzags of his alma mater's fullback.

But the doctor, in his office at

Max Jacobson lives and practices medicine in New York City. When pressed, he modestly describes himself as a "specialist" in general practice.

least, is an entirely different sort of individual. An endless recital of complaints and groans, aches, pains, twinges and tics, is as familiar and engrossing music to his ears as the tuning up of an orchestra to a conductor. He is not only willing to listen, but deeply grateful for any information his patients can give him about their physical and mental condition. Unfortunately, the number of people who can be trusted to tell the truth, when the doctor asks them how they are, is minimal. Scarcely one person in ten is able to give a straightforward, intelligent report on his health. As a result most practitioners must learn not only to interpret physical signs, but the ordinary speech of people, to find out what lies behind the garbled, confused, grudging, or garrulous responses he receives when he begins probing verbally into the condition of a patient.

Thus, when the doctor asks the simplest and most common of all

human questions, "How are you?" your answer is loaded. It can be anything from a grunt to an intricate, half-hour analysis of your innermost problems. It can be as clear as a mathematical formula or as logically incoherent as the rantings of a demagogue. But it always reveals your basic attitude toward your symptoms, the doctor, and the course of treatment. Your answer is, indeed, a kind of cipher of your personality that a good doctor can decode. The patterns of these responses repeat themselves until from them alone the doctor can infer a good deal about what is going on inside the patient and how he will be affected by treatment. The experienced general practitioner misses little. What does he find in his patient's reply to his initial question?

First of all, the ability or inability to communicate effectively is revealed. It does not take any great innate intelligence to talk about one's pains. Clear, objective communication is merely a sign of a psychologically healthy individual. Defective communication, on the other hand, indicates resistances, frustrations, fears, and other psychic obstacles hindering the patient in his relations to the world around him and undermining his health. Stereotyped responses, mechanical or meaningless talk, evasive answers, are among the most common examples of faulty communication. If these patients were sick enough in

this respect, the general practitioner would be able to send them off to a specialist in psychological ailments, just as he sends heart or kidney cases to the proper specialist. But most of them live mentally as well as physically somewhere in the twilight zone between good health and disease.

PERHAPS THE MOST COMMON type of faulty communication is that provided by the excessively well-bred patient. The doctor may chance to ask him how he is when he is lying stripped naked on an examining table. "Very well, thank you," he answers in a way that Emily Post would approve. The doctor feels a little different about it. "Then what the devil are you doing here?" he is tempted to reply but usually restrains himself. The temptation to jar such a person into some recognition of reality becomes irresistible when he follows up his conventional response of "Fine, thank you" with another conventional "And how are you?" At which point, an honest doctor may reply, "None of your business." If someone protests against such rudeness, he will point out that asking about people's health is *his* business, and in his office he is privileged to make this interrogation.

Of course, these excessively courteous responses are often merely harmless and superficial slips. In most cases, however, the inappro-

priateness goes far below the surface and is rooted in basic attitudes as inadequate to life as these replies. What makes this patient adopt the same well-bred, absent-minded manner when he is sick in a doctor's office as when he is at his ease in a drawing-room or a board meeting? He has been trained to worry primarily about how he looks to the world and what other people think of him. He so values externals that he is prepared to sacrifice himself on the altar of a civilized appearance. If he were drowning, he would find it literally impossible to shout for help. He is so accustomed to concealing feelings of pain or distress that he ends by concealing them from himself, and, of course, from the very doctor to whom alone he has recourse when his plight becomes unbearable.

Courtesy is a wonderful quality up to the point where it interferes with the workings of nature. Through years of repressing his natural impulses, the over-polite patient has gradually encased himself in "a front" as rigid as the carapace of a lobster. The doctor knows that when he breaks through the armor he will usually encounter violent hostility or panic, resentment or hysteria. But some kind of break-through, if only to establish communication, is an absolute prerequisite for any kind of cure.

Another common type of patient is the uncomfortable patient. He

can be spotted the moment he enters the office. He never sits down, but perches rigidly on the end of the chair like an Indian who has just come into town off the reservation. He doesn't lie down fully on an examining table but keeps himself awkwardly suspended over a small strip of it. Standing, sitting, or recumbent, he looks uncomfortable. As a matter of fact, he *is* uncomfortable, but astonishingly enough, he is utterly unaware of his condition.

"Well, doctor," he will say, "my stomach has been sort of bothering me and I can't sleep much. Of course, this is inventory season, and, to tell you the truth, I have so much on my mind . . ." and so on.

The vagueness of the description of the symptoms and the mention of inventory season show that this man's mind is so completely immersed in his business that he doesn't really have any idea if he is sick or well. The doctor is in no way surprised, then, when he gradually extorts the information that this patient has had sharp, persistent stomach pains for months, that he has vomited blood, is highly nervous, and has been an insomnia victim for years. It is also obvious that he has gastric ulcers.

Why hasn't he consulted a doctor before?

"It didn't seem very serious at first," the patient explains. "It never really interfered with my

work." It never occurs to this patient that his work, or more accurately, his anxieties about his work, most of which are unnecessary, are interfering with his physical well-being. The one thing he never inventories is his health. His replies only confirm the information conveyed by his manner of sitting and standing, namely, that *he doesn't live in his body*.

A great many people today — mostly tense, high-strung individuals absorbed in occupations which keep their brains intensely active — have almost completely lost touch with their bodies. Symptoms of all kinds — headaches, sleeplessness, backaches, loss of appetite, fatigue, colds, constipation — come and go, and automatically, individuals of this type take an aspirin or a laxative, have a couple of drinks or develop a vicious temper as an outlet for their discomfort. Fundamentally they are unaware of their ailments, for they have gradually become so accustomed to them that they have forgotten what it feels like to be in good health. When a man no longer takes conscious pleasure in functioning in a healthy, coordinated manner, he is no longer living in his body.

A major part of therapy for this patient consists of helping him, as the psychiatrists say, to "integrate" his improvement. He must be helped consciously to know when he is better or worse. He must learn to be-

come aware of his body, to use it as much as possible, to realize instantaneously and by reflex when he is sitting, standing, or lying in an uncomfortable position. He has, in short, to renew the physical life he discontinued when he became an adult, to accept and even enjoy the fact that physical pleasures and pains, comforts and discomforts, are a large part of life and cannot simply be written off. If he fails to accept the physical aspect of life and accord it some of the attention he gives his work, his body will rebel sooner or later, and a new cure will only be followed by a new sickness.

THEN THERE IS THE COMMON TYPE represented by Mrs. Jones, a plain-looking, plainly-dressed, elderly woman. Mrs. Jones stares sorrowfully at the doctor as she sits on the other side of his desk, her shoulders sagging and the corners of her mouth drooping in a woebegone fashion. She is a perfect picture of hopeless misery and exudes pessimism like a powerful perfume.

Her answer to the doctor's first question is an explosive sigh followed by a gloomy noise that sounds like "M-m-m-m-uhhh." Then she shrugs her shoulders, stares dolefully into space, and perhaps sighs again.

A doctor who first encounters this type is liable to be surprised when he discovers that Mrs. Jones is not suffering from a mortal ailment.

One who has seen numbers of Mrs. Joneses has already deduced quite a bit about her before proceeding to an actual diagnosis. He knows that if he suggested to her that she may shortly be well and happy, he would probably provoke an outburst of disbelief, anger, and resentment. Such a suggestion would knock the props out from under her and sweep away the most important and interesting part of her existence — her troubles. For Mrs. Jones is typical of numerous people who have retired, whose children have grown up and left home, who feel that they have no place in life and that they are unnecessary and unwanted.

Since the lives of such people are very often darkened by real tragedy it would be a mistake to assume that their sufferings are nonexistent or their symptoms imaginary. But Mrs. Jones derives a secret satisfaction from her symptoms, a satisfaction which substitutes for something missing in her life. The problems and worries of raising a family are behind her and, difficult as they were, she has found nothing else to substitute. Her troubles serve the function of making her feel important. So, naturally, she thinks more and more about the husband who passed away five years ago, about the small growth on her back, or the pain in her legs, or about the married daughter in San Francisco who doesn't write often enough.

To eradicate her symptoms will

only afford her temporary relief. Sooner or later, the same symptoms will recur or she will develop new ones. She will never get well until she learns that, regardless of the tragedy, loneliness, and neglect in her life, she can be well and happy. Furthermore, she must learn to want to be happy, to derive satisfaction from being healthy and enjoying herself, rather than dealing with vexing problems. Her chief trouble is that she has made herself dependent on trouble.

THE ENTHUSIAST is a familiar character to the doctor, recognizable by the admiring, eager glances he bestows while he is impatiently waiting his turn. He answers the question almost before it is asked, then makes up a few subordinate questions himself and answers these too. In the first few minutes the doctor has more information than he knows what to do with, and his chief problem is to separate the real from the imaginary. The Enthusiast is so carried away that he is not concerned with such prosaic qualities as accuracy and makes the doctor feel somewhat petty if he examines his answers.

The extreme Enthusiast may see in the doctor all his religious, sexual, and emotional idols combined. Nor does he expect the doctor merely to deal, prosaically and scientifically, with what may be a serious and stubborn ailment. Primarily, he

wants magical relief from his illnesses, and once he has experienced the doctor's ministrations, he will renounce all further responsibility and leave his cure entirely in the hands of the physician. The reason he is so prompt with his inaccurate information is that he does not wish to confront the true facts about his condition.

Essentially, the doctor realizes, if he is not taken in by the Enthusiast's adulation, that he is dealing with an emotional child looking for a superhuman being in whom to place his faith. He has never faced up to reality or assumed adult responsibility. Sooner or later, however, he will be forced to deal with facts, for few people over forty can remain emotional children these days and expect even a moderate success in life. The first time an unpleasant truth is forced upon him, he is apt to break down. In his bewilderment at the disagreeable intrusions of fact into his fanciful world, he will blame the nearest person handy. If he overvalued his doctor at the first meeting, he will soon hurl him from his pedestal and treat him as if he were the worst kind of villain. Such patients are like the primitives who slap the images of their gods when rain does not follow their prayers.

Thus, when a patient answers his first inquiry with exaggerated eagerness, the doctor merely waits for the disillusion that is bound to follow. After both attitudes have been given

every opportunity to express themselves, after the doctor has been every kind of god and devil in turn, a stable attitude may gradually develop — if the patient has not long before consulted another doctor or series of doctors.

A DISTANT COUSIN of the Enthusiast, with something of a similar life history but a different emotional pattern, is the Resister, or the physician's nightmare. Every doctor has one of these among his patients, probably placed there by the Almighty to help him keep his feet on the ground when things are going too well. Conversations with Resisters invariably follow the same pattern:

"Well, well, Mrs. E! And how are you today?"

"Who, me?" (There is no one else in the room.)

"Yes. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm not so bad today, only. . . ."

"Only what?"

"That injection you gave me the day before yesterday. It made me feel dizzy."

"Did it relieve the rheumatic attack?"

"I suppose so. But whatever it was, don't give it to me again. It made me dizzy. . . ."

While a doctor keeps himself in existence by his fees (the type that resists payment will not be discussed here), the chief reason that has

drawn him to the arduous practice of medicine is his desire or ability to alleviate human suffering. Believe it or not, his deepest pleasure, his creative satisfaction, arises from having assisted in the rehabilitation of a human life. Each patient constitutes a separate challenge to his instinctive need to heal. The Resisters, and they are numerous, cause a deadlock in the free flow of sympathy between doctor and patient so essential to successful therapy.

Sometimes, although it is useless, the doctor tries to pound a little rationality into individuals of this type. "Look here," he says, "last week you could hardly crawl into the office, your pains were so intense. Now you look practically normal. You admit your symptoms have disappeared. What about that?"

The Resister directs a reproachful glance at me. "Naturally it's not so bad any more, but . . ." Not even a truth-serum, administered in a wild attempt to save the doctor's battered self-esteem, could draw forth the admission that this patient has been helped and that a complete recovery is imminent. He always finds a bone of contention. There are, for example, a number of medications which have mildly disagreeable side effects, effects which are unavoidable if a major disorder is to be relieved. The Resister will only discuss the side effects and dismiss the cure of the serious ailment, if indeed they ever remember they

had it. "*Your* pills," he will inform the flabbergasted physician, "made me so sleepy I couldn't do my work." "*Your* injections spoiled my appetite!"

Several reasons may lie behind this emphasis on negative details. There may be a personal resistance against this specific doctor. When a patient consistently delays consulting him or habitually cancels appointments, an animus of this kind may be present. A subtler reason, and one more difficult to cope with, is that, consciously or unconsciously, the patient feels that he is losing control of himself, that his body has gotten out of hand. To him, consulting a physician is a public confession of weakness, and he resents the doctor's ability to restore what he has allowed to deteriorate. An admission that the doctor has helped him involves the realization that in the past he has failed to take care of himself and may not be able to do so in the future.

PROBABLY THE MOST COLORFUL of all these types is the overconsiderate patient. He disobeys all the doctor's orders about medication or such pet indulgences as alcohol and rich eating, never shows up when he is supposed to, and then is almost sentimentally anxious about the poor doctor's welfare chiefly because he feels guilty about his own misbehavior and wants the doctor to overlook it. When you ask him how

he feels, he indicates that he is suffering and promptly adds: "Oh, doctor, I know I should have come in sooner but I didn't want to bother you. You're such a busy man, you deserve some consideration . . ."

It is bad enough that this patient disobeys his instructions, he then must make matters worse by concealing his disobedience as if the doctor were a schoolteacher handing out grades rather than somebody he pays to help him get and stay as well as possible. Sometimes his approach is pure Surrealism: "I got sick on Sunday so I waited till today." It is now Wednesday. "Why didn't you call sooner?" "Well, I thought you wouldn't be in on Sunday."

He knows that he should have called Sunday, but on Monday he felt so guilty and embarrassed that it took him two more days to nerve himself up to it.

The considerate patient tends to compensate by suddenly switching his tactics. He broods about his own misdeeds till he can't endure it, then decides that after all it is the doctor who isn't treating him fairly. He'll show him. He rushes into a crowded office at noon and shouts at the nurse. "I must see the doctor immediately. My plane leaves at one-thirty!" Why couldn't he have come in the morning?

On still another occasion, he will show up and sit in the anteroom for

twenty minutes with an angry stare and a grim countenance. When the nurse tells him the doctor is ready, he fairly snaps at her: "Tell him I'm sorry. I have a business appointment I can't afford to miss." When the nurse inquires why he did not say so at once, the only response she elicits is a dignified silence followed by a slammed door.

Primarily, the considerate type is simply an oversensitive, introverted, and immature person who wants to hang on to the way of life that has caused his ill-health without suffering the painful consequences. The doctor can't help him much till he realizes that no medical legerdemain will allow him to have his cake and eat it. In a sense he can be included in my last classification, the slapdash type, the most common of all, under which rubric a great many of the aforementioned individuals might fall. The haphazard approach to life and therapy of the slapdash individual doubles his sufferings, his visits to his doctor, and his medical bills. Some typical conversations with him are possibly worth recording:

"Good morning, Mr. F. How are you?"

"Just got back from Boston."

"I didn't ask you that. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, so-so. Could be worse. Got those pains back . . ."

"Did you take the medication?"

"Uh-uh . . . I ran out of it last week."

"Why didn't you order more?"

"Well it happens I was very busy and . . . say Doc, do I have to go on taking those darn pills forever?"

"If you live that long."

A PEEP into nearly all these busy minds quickly reveals that they contain no accurate concept of what good health means. Very few of them have made the simple discovery that neither business nor personal affairs nor any pattern of life can be maintained for long with a sick body. Most of the resentment against the doctor and his arsenal of medicines is due to the desire to maintain the self-destructive pattern that has brought the patient into the office in the first place. The attractions of an irrational plan of life that allows people to dream that they can defy natural laws are great but, fortunately, most people sooner or later succumb to the greater attraction of well-being and sanity. Only it takes precious time and compels the doctor to serve, besides performing his usual duties, as a kind of combined salesman, cheerleader, confessor, and philosopher.

Nearly every doctor has at the back of his mind an ideal patient

whom he never meets. This figment of his imagination comes to his office solely to get well, obeys all instructions and takes it upon himself to keep the doctor accurately informed as to his condition. When first asked by the doctor how he is, like the proverbial bore, he tells him. He doesn't give him a diagnosis larded with technical terms and almost certain to be wrong like the self-made doctors one frequently encounters. He describes his symptoms, tells the doctor when they began, what their intensity is, how often they recur, and how long they last. It sounds simple, but the amount of suffering, time, and money that would be saved if every patient responded in this manner is incalculable.

In the meantime, the author hopes he has not made the most common of all questions boring to you. It is the most common because it is a good one and because good health will always be the most valuable of all possessions. When you look into your mirror in the morning, take time out to ask it of yourself. And if the answer is not too favorable, do something about it — immediately.

MAX EASTMAN

*New light
on the mind
and opinions
of a famous
thinker*

SEX and SANTAYANA

IF AMERICA were more intellectual, George Santayana would, I suppose, be regarded as her most distinguished writer. I don't know who can beat him. But he is a philosopher, and most of his twenty-eight volumes give the cerebral cortex a workout for which the average United States reader is ill prepared. One of his former students at Harvard told me the boys used to wear heavy overcoats to his lectures, he carried them to such icy pinnacles of abstract speculation. At the age of seventy-two, however, he descended from those pinnacles and captured

the world with a best-selling novel, *The Last Puritan*, a feat heretofore unknown in history. And he has since published two autobiographical volumes as knowingly delightful in their comments on concrete men and women as though he had passed all his life in the cozier valleys where they live. The third and final volume is finished, he told me, but held up by the publisher for fear of a libel suit from some obscure girl-mistress of a prominent friend of his, perhaps a sly old woman now and only perhaps dead.

Notwithstanding these signs of earthy alertness, Santayana is commonly thought of as looming above, rather than occupying a place in, American literature. His Spanish name and parentage give force to this notion, although he grew from

In our November issue, Max Eastman described his visits to George Santayana who has retired to a convent in Rome. In this article, he discusses the life story and character of the American philosopher.

his ninth to his forty-ninth year in and around Boston and has, to quote his own words, "hardly ever read a Spanish book."

"England is where I feel naturally at home," he told me. "I should have settled there but for my fear of absorbing all the British prejudices. Other prejudices are not so tempting to me."

I was visiting him, as I said in the November *MERCURY*, in the Convent of the Blue Nuns at Rome, where he has lived for the last decade. This fact, too, has reinforced our sense of his remoteness from the usual ways and interests of mankind. You would expect a *man* to get him to a monastery, rather than a nunnery, in retiring from the world. But he did not, he explained to me, deliberately choose this dwelling place. When freed from the pain of a professorship at Harvard in 1911, he became what he had always wanted to be, a wandering student. He was in principle still wandering thirty years later, when he fell sick in Rome and was brought to the hospital — or as he prefers to call it, hospice — run by these Irish nuns. They made him comfortable. Their prayers for his soul's future pleased his emotions without unsettling his opinions. Besides he was getting old. He believes with Epicurus that luxury is bad for the spirit's health. It seemed as good a place as any in which to live the last, and he says happiest, years of life, and when the

time comes part from it with great pleasure.

Notwithstanding its accidental beginnings, there is perhaps a significance in Santayana's spending his last years in a nunnery. In my mind it runs to meet the fact that he played leading lady in the Harvard theatricals of 1884, and two years later danced as a ballerina in the *Hasty Pudding* play. It calls up the fact that when he was a boy and his brother read Shakespeare aloud, he liked *Julius Caesar*, but found *Romeo and Juliet* "inexpressibly silly." It chimes with his earnest, though not unsmiling, proof that angels — although they do not exist — are of the male sex.

Santayana has an eloquent dissertation on love in his *Reason In Society*, but there is not a sign in his memoirs that he ever experienced this emotion toward a woman. I doubt if any other memoirist has devoted so much energy of understanding to his friends as Santayana has. He paints them with a lingering and loving hand. But they are all, except only his mother and his adored half-sister, Susana, men. He remarked to me that they were all, with the single exception of Robert Bridges, the English poet-laureate, men younger than himself. They were thinking men, and the life of the mind is what drew the friends together, and yet the friendships were highly charged with emotion. Of the boy, Edward Bayley, with whom

for a few weeks he used to walk home from school, he writes:

"The bond was established, silently of course, but safely. Even the fact that we never saw each other after that year, and hardly a letter passed between us, made no difference in our friendship. Strange enchantment! Even today, the thought of that youthful comradeship, without incidents, without background, and without a sequel, warms the cockles of my heart like a glass of old port.

"There is a sort of indifference to time, as there is a sort of silence, which goes with veritable sympathy. . . . Clearness and depth in the heart, as in the intellect, transpose everything into the eternal. . . . Never was trust more instinctive, more complete, or more silent. It has lasted in silence, at least on my side, for sixty years."

Had Bayley been, by permission of destiny, a girl, or had Santayana been what at moments he came so near to being — Plato! — only one change would have occurred in this passage. Instead of "sympathy," the key word would have been, as it should be, love.

I AM NOT trying to psychoanalyze Santayana. I am not one of those Park Avenue doctors who can tell you all about the "unconscious" of a famous writer by glancing through his books, but will charge you fifty dollars an hour five hours a week for

a hundred and fifty weeks to arrive at some little preliminary inkling about your own. I am only calling attention to what Santayana deliberately and frankly says about himself — a source of light on his philosophy that for some reason none of those puzzled by it has yet thought to exploit.

As a young man, being witty, vivacious, and a born gentleman, he was quite a success in Boston's intellectual society — especially in the somewhat scandalous circles surrounding Mrs. Jack Gardner, who shocked the Bostonians almost to death with her *Bohemian goings-on*, but revived and silenced them with the gift of a sumptuous museum of art. Santayana never "took a shine" to any of the luscious and bewitching girls he must have met in those gay circles.

"I never courted any of them," he says in the language of the 1880's — for that is how long ago it was. "I liked to sit next to them at dinner, when conversation became more civilized in the midst of light and flowers, good food and good wines. The charm of the ladies was a part of that luxurious scene and polite intoxication; for me it was nothing more. But people could not understand that this could be all. . . ."

Ostensibly he is explaining, in this passage, that he did not want to marry an American woman because he regarded himself as "involuntarily uprooted," and not at home in our

soil. But certainly no one who had felt amorous toward those women would have explained this judicial decision in just such terms. When he adds, "My real affinities were with three or four elderly ladies. . . ." and therewith concludes the whole subject of his relations with women up to his fiftieth year, there is no need to draw inferences. He is presumably withholding his most intimate experiences in this sphere, and there is no sign in his dissertation on love that he was without such experiences. But he is also telling us in plain language that he was not, even at the height of his young manhood, possessed of any strong interest in women as women. His half-sister Susana, he had already told us, was "the greatest power, and certainly the strongest affection, in my life." And so all in all he has pretty plainly stated — I am sorry I lacked the nerve to ask him point-blank — that he was never passionately attracted to a woman. He liked women to be elderly; he enjoyed them as table-companions.

There is a discourse on friendship immediately following the one on love, which to my thinking points up this fact.

"Friends," he says, "are generally of the same sex, for when men and women agree, it is only in their conclusions; their reasons are always different. So that while intellectual harmony between men and women is easily possible, its delightful and

magic quality lies precisely in the fact that it does not arise from mutual understanding, but is a conspiracy of alien essences and a kissing, as it were, in the dark. . . . The human race, in its intellectual life, is organized like the bees: the masculine soul is a worker, sexually atrophied, and essentially dedicated to impersonal and universal arts; the feminine is a queen, infinitely fertile, omnipresent in its brooding industry, but passive and abounding in intuitions without method and passions without justice. Friendship with a woman is therefore apt to be more or less than friendship: less, because there is no intellectual parity; more, because (even when the relation remains wholly dispassionate, as in respect to old ladies) there is something mysterious and oracular about a woman's mind which inspires a certain instinctive deference and puts it out of the question to judge what she says by masculine standards. She has a kind of sibylline intuition and the right to be irrationally *à propos*. There is a gallantry of the mind which pervades all conversation with a lady, as there is a natural courtesy toward children and mystics; but such a habit of respectful concession, marking as it does an intellectual alienation as profound as that which separates us from the dumb animals, is radically incompatible with friendship."

This may not prove, as I think it does, that Santayana was never in

love with a woman.* At least it establishes the vaster scope and momentum — as well as, incidentally, the purely spiritual nature — of his friendships with men.

ONE NEED not be a Freudian to recognize the illumination these facts cast upon Santayana's reasonings about the universe. I believe that without considering them it is impossible to appraise his claim to be a moral philosopher — that is, a man wise in the search for life's best values. They must be supplemented, however, before the picture is clear, by one or two other things he frankly tells us.

He was born in Spain of parents who did not love each other enough to stick together. Indeed his mother, he says, did not love erotically at all, but "to men as men, even to her two husbands, seems to have been cold, critical and sad, as if yielding to some inevitable but disappointing fatality." When little Jorge, a prodigiously sensitive child, was seven years

* In love he would have learned that women have often much of the masculine in them, just as men — himself so notably — have much of the feminine. Santayana's criticisms of other philosophers is masculine in a high degree; it is logical, methodical, lucidly annihilating. But when he comes to bringing forth his own, the parturition is "mysterious and oracular" to such an extent that logicians find it almost impossible to follow. He himself confesses: "Abstraction is difficult for me. Unless I can move with a certain volume of miscellaneous notions in my mind, I lose my interest and direction. I could never play chess. . . ." And is there any admirer of Santayana's prose who would deny him "the right to be irrationally *à propos*"?

old, his mother packed up and went to live in Boston, leaving him alone with a rather preoccupied father. Whether to make it better or worse, an "Uncle Santiago" and his kitchen-dwelling wife and daughter moved in to live with them. Describing this awful moment Santayana says: "I didn't feel deeply or understand what was going on, but somehow the force of it impressed my young mind and established there a kind of criterion or standard of reality. . . . That crowded, strained, disunited and tragic family life remains for me the type of what life really is: something confused, hideous, and useless."

Most young boys, so wounded in their spirit, would have found the cure in a subsequent love affair. But for one to whom *Romeo and Juliet* was "inexpressibly silly" no such cure apparently could be had. Santayana's reaction was to recoil from reality altogether. It seemed thereafter "axiomatic" to him, he says, that "the real was rotten and only the imaginary at all interesting." It became his firm opinion that existence itself is "profoundly ugly and wrong." And recalling this opinion in old age, he adds that, with a slight allowance for youthful exaggeration, "it is still what I think."

That there might be something "wrong" with Santayana, and not only with existence, seems not to have occurred to his mind. And yet, I think his further confessions tend

to bear this out. For they are confessions of an almost total amnesia extending through the years of his growth into manhood. He was uprooted and brought over to Boston to rejoin his mother at the age of ten, and he describes his memory of events and feelings from then up to the age of sixteen as "for the most part a blank."

"And yet I know that my feelings in those years were intense, that I was solitary and unhappy and attached only to a persistent dream-life fed on books of fiction, architecture and religion."

Whatever griefs and dismays lay behind the curtain which memory, so often merciful, has drawn over those years, we may be sure, I think, that existence-in-general was not to blame. Existence can be right and beautiful as well as ugly and wrong, as is quite obvious to common sense. It is existence as experienced by a man limited in passion as he was, and injured as he was in childhood, that Santayana rejects wholesale and despises. For me, after much reading of him, and a half dozen thoughtful conversations, that seems to be the point at which a study of his ideas should begin.

THIS is hardly the place to discuss Santayana's system of metaphysics, and yet I think I can make its main point clear if the reader has a little curiosity. It is a system for getting free of the world without

leaving it. You must, first, make a sharp distinction between things and the characters they take on. A flower has beauty, for instance, and it fades. The flower continues to exist, but not its beautifulness. Still the beautifulness can be talked about, reasoned about, investigated, described. So may all the characters that things put on or take off — and even imaginary characters may be so dealt with. These characters Santayana calls "essences." They are infinite in number; they are changeless; and though they do not exist, they have a sort of "being," or you couldn't talk about them. If you call the place, or no-place, where they have this being a "Realm" — allowing yourself that one slight self-deception — you will find it a much richer realm to dwell in than that in which things have the misfortune to exist.

The Realm of Essence, indeed, contains all the characters of existence, and then some. These characters are independent of time. And best of all, although this advantage is not usually mentioned, there is no compulsion on you to entertain any particular one of them in preference to another. You can pick and choose. There is, for instance, an essence called "sliminess," but nobody who dwells in the Realm of Essence — "dwells in the eternal" as Santayana likes to say — is compelled to bother with it. Existence, on the other hand, if you get thoroughly wound

up in it, is liable to spring one of these repellent essences on you when there is no escape. What is worse, she will put one on right in your presence when you are looking the other way, or trying perhaps to think about something sublime. Existence is not only "rotten and wrong," but "cruel and nasty," as Santayana says in another connection.

Starting with that opinion, or that emotional recoil from the rough ways of a changing world, Santayana has built himself a refuge in the conceptual apparatus with which change is described. That is the gist, as I see it, of his doctrine of essence. It is a brilliant invention, an escape without exit, an ascension into heaven without departing from the earth. It has value for those who are too honest to deny that life is, and must be, lived by the body, and yet too squeamish to take life on those terms and make the most of it.

I quoted in the previous essay my conversation with Santayana about his attitude toward the Roman Catholic religion, his adhering to it, so to speak, and yet not believing any of its notions are true. That also, I think, finds its explanation in his unnatural recoil from reality. He did not learn any religion at all from his parents.

"My mother," he says, "like her father before her, was a Deist: she was sure there was a God, for who else could have made the world?

But God was too great to take special thought for man: sacrifices, prayers, churches, and tales of immortality were invented by rascally priests in order to dominate the foolish. My father, except for the Deism, was emphatically of the same opinion. Thus, although I learned my prayers and catechism by rote, as was then inevitable in Spain, I knew that my parents regarded all religion as a work of human imagination: and I agreed, and still agree, with them there. But this carried an implication in their minds against which every instinct in me rebelled, namely that the works of human imagination are bad. No, I said to myself, even as a boy: they are good, they alone are good: and the rest — the whole real world — is ashes in the mouth."

Of course there was no such implication in his parents' opinion. What seemed bad to them was works of imagination put over on the innocent public as objective truth. This seemed at times a little bad even to Santayana. Indeed in one place he says that the attribution of literal truth to religious mythology makes it "odious." But that does not enter into his mature opinion. His mature opinion is that science itself, even physical science, has no pictorial or literal truth. It conveys the relations of material things only by way of symbols. And religion does the same thing for spiritual relations. It expresses them in "obviously

mythical and poetical images; but how else should these moral truths be expressed at all in a traditional or popular fashion? Religions are the great fairy-tales of the conscience."

THAT the symbols of science are exact and verifiable, or at least strive to be so, and the fairy-tales of religions are so made that they can be twisted and turned any way the parson or priest (whether "rascally" or super-benign) may wish to twist and turn them seems unessential to Santayana. It must be because his real motive is not to clarify moral relations in a real world, which with all its faults is to be cherished as the best we have, but to escape from that world and dwell among unreal symbols. These symbols are *excused*

for their flimsiness by a possible meaning, or any number of confused meanings, they may have in the real world. But they are *loved and adored* for their very flimsiness — for the fact that they are not, like existing things, "rotten and wrong."

Such, at least, is the natural conclusion when Santayana's memoirs and his speculations are brought into the same field of vision. We see in both a man lacking the lusty taste that most living things have, and must have, for the strong flavors of bodily and real existence.

If this conclusion seems interesting enough to the reader — and incidentally the editor — I will discuss its bearing on Santayana's moral and political opinions in a third, and I promise final, essay.

The Basis of Love

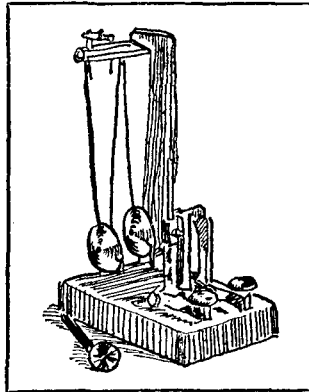
» Love's gesture and symptoms are noted and unvarying; its vocabulary is poor and worn. Even a poet, therefore, can give love but a meagre expression, while the philosopher, who renounces dramatic representation, is condemned to be avowedly inadequate.

» There can be no philosophic interest in disguising the animal basis of love, or in denying its spiritual sublimations, since all life is animal in its origin and all spiritual in its possible fruits.

» When love is absolute it feels a profound impulse to welcome death, and even, by a transcendental confusion, to invoke the end of the universe.

From *Reason in Society* by GEORGE SANTAYANA

**Opinions
from**



**the
Chronoscope**

By NORMAN THOMAS

SENATOR FERGUSON

SENATOR BREWSTER

SENATOR McCARTHY

FROM the most popular "information" program on television — Longines Chronoscope, televised each Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening at 11 p.m. Eastern Standard Time over the Columbia Broadcasting System — THE MERCURY brings its readers each month a few carefully selected opinions. William Bradford Huie, THE MERCURY's editor, conducts the discussions on these programs, which fea-

ture outstanding national and international figures, along with a guest editor.

These excerpts from the Longines program will appear monthly in THE MERCURY. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor or the sponsor.

***Norman Thomas on Taxes,
Korea, and the Presidency***

MR. HUIE: Do you think taxes are too high?

MR. THOMAS: No, I think taxes are too low. I think it is very dangerous not to spend more because of the inflationary trend. Not that I like taxes any better than the next man.

MR. HENRY HAZLITT: What do you think the budget should be?

MR. THOMAS: I think we could get military protection of an adequate sort at a lower figure. I am sure that the waste which the

Hoover Committee outlined should be more effectively remedied. But neither I nor any of us out of office can draw up a budget.

MR. HAZLITT: Have you any suggestions as to how that budget could be drawn up? What procedure could be followed?

MR. THOMAS: I do not think there will be any very substantial reduction of the budget until we can get ourselves out of the arms race.

MR. HUIE: Even then, you wouldn't be in favor of reducing it. You would just be in favor of spending the same amount of money for other projects?

MR. THOMAS: That might well be the case. For instance, the immediate effects of abandoning the arms race would be that we would have to spend a lot on other things, because at present our so-called prosperity depends so largely on immense spending.

MR. HAZLITT: If the money weren't taken away from the citizens they would have it to spend themselves, wouldn't they?

MR. THOMAS: That is perfectly true. But there are lots of reasons why the immediate surcease of the arms race now, without any program for planned expenditures for civilian activity, would bring about a politically and socially disastrous depression. If the everlasting blessing of peace came to us, there would be a panic all

over the world unless we were ready with a program for schools, hospitals, and incidentally, unless we had a program for cooperative war against poverty in the world.

MR. HUIE: Do you think the war should be ended in Korea? Are you willing to have our government make concessions to end it?

MR. THOMAS: I wouldn't make concessions that would invalidate completely the principle that we have to resist naked military aggression. But I certainly wouldn't quarrel over one Heartbreak Ridge rather than another, when they are all heartbreak ridges, if I could defend the general principle that armed aggression doesn't pay.

MR. HUIE: Will you tell us if you plan to run for the Presidency.

MR. THOMAS: Most emphatically not.

MR. HUIE: Are you enthusiastic about any of the people who have announced, like Senator Taft, for instance?

MR. THOMAS: You would be extraordinarily surprised how little enthusiasm I feel on the subject.

MR. HUIE: Is there anyone you expect to have any enthusiasm for?

MR. THOMAS: No, I'm sorry to say. I would like to be enthusiastic, but I do not expect to be about the choices presented.

Senator Ferguson on Free Speech and Taxes

MR. HUIE: Have you, as a member of the Judiciary Committee, op-

posed the President's effort to make censorship stricter on the press?

SENATOR FERGUSON: The reason I have opposed it is that I believe that in a republic such as ours we must have freedom of the press, freedom of thought, freedom of speech. The danger is that a weak government uses the government of censorship.

MR. BRUNO SHAW: How far would you carry that, Senator, in the field of national defense?

THE SENATOR: I have stated on the Senate floor that I believe in the security. You can't wear on your cuff all of the secrets of the national military establishments.

MR. HUIE: If the RFC could have decided what information should be published in the United States, we probably wouldn't have had some of the recent revelations, would we?

THE SENATOR: You wouldn't have had any of it. A weak government goes to the censorship to attempt to keep things from the public. Take the order after the President issued it. He was delegating to each one of his men in the various departments and agencies the right to determine on their own what was to be security. The Office of Price Stabilization, for instance, put in anything that might be embarrassing to them. The President should have taken the press in, discussed the whole

matter, and, if there were sufficient causes, first had a voluntary censorship. After that, if he found he couldn't rely on voluntary censorship, he could have imposed a real censorship on security.

MR. HUIE: As a member of the Appropriations Committee, we should like to know if you favor the 11 per cent tax increase announced to us in this morning's papers?

THE SENATOR: I voted against that tax increase. I could not vote for it because I felt that we were placing a burden on the American people that could be avoided by cutting expenses in government. I sincerely believe that to be true.

MR. SHAW: Have you any idea what that cut could amount to in comparison with all the other things that you are probably in favor of — huge national defense, Point Four, Marshall Plan, and all the others?

THE SENATOR: I believe we could have taken six to eight billions of dollars off the budget.

MR. HUIE: I'm sure our audience would like your opinion whether you think taxes will go even higher.

THE SENATOR: I don't see how they can go much higher. Just about three weeks ago I met with members of the House and Senate, and we were discussing this tax question. They came to the conclusion that we are about at the bottom of

the barrel. Some of them think we are through the barrel, and that there are no other resources to getting returns without diminishing returns, that is, tax people so much their business goes down and there is a failure to get taxes.

MR. HUIE: To sum up, you think we have reached the point of diminishing returns.

Senator Brewster on Mr. Jessup, Mr. Taft, and Spain

MR. HUIE: It is our understanding that you were one of the three Senators who rejected the nomination of Dr. Jessup.

SENATOR BREWSTER: I voted against him on the ground that he couldn't be understood. I thought that was the first qualification of a diplomat.

MR. DONALD ROGERS: I believe that Mr. Jessup's background came into discussion, his ties with Red China.

THE SENATOR: That was the basis of the original attack on him and on the policies that he advocated. President Stassen of the University of Pennsylvania made some very serious charges and substantiated them pretty well with some of his evidence.

MR. ROGERS: Do you feel this might set a dangerous precedent in which the past utterances, the past beliefs, of every nominee might be scrutinized and brought forth to impugn him today?

THE SENATOR: My basis of criticism was his lack of candor in admitting the opinions he had held. We had four men testify. They all understood from Jessup that he rather inclined to the recognition of Red China. He absolutely denies it. It doesn't seem all those men could be wrong, or else he doesn't have the capacity to make himself understood, and that is unfortunate in a diplomat.

MR. ROGERS: You would feel differently about him if he had said yes, I did feel that way about Red China.

THE SENATOR: Yes, I think he would have made a much better showing.

MR. HUIE: I suppose you are quite popular with your colleague, Senator McCarthy, as a result of this action. Do you regard your vote as a vindication of what is commonly known as McCarthyism?

THE SENATOR: I think the McCarthy charges did not occupy as prominent a place in this situation as the friends of Mr. Jessup had desired. They started out to make McCarthy the issue rather than Jessup, but as a result of the entry of Stassen the issue became Jessup and his actions. This does to a measurable extent vindicate McCarthy's charge.

MR. HUIE: Now, Senator, I believe you are a well-known supporter of Senator Taft's candidacy for the Presidency.

THE SENATOR: Yes, I have long be-

lieved he was the logical nominee.
MR. HUIE: Do you think Senator Taft can win the national nomination?

THE SENATOR: I believe that he has a most excellent chance.

MR. HUIE: And do you think that as the Republican nominee he will have a good chance to defeat President Truman?

THE SENATOR: I think he will make the kind of campaign which I believe the Republicans and many Americans want — a fighting campaign. That's the kind of a man he is. He has a tremendous knowledge of events. That is one of his unique qualifications. He has an encyclopedic mind, and he has it all at his fingertips.

MR. HUIE: And what do you think will be the principal issue in the Presidential campaign?

THE SENATOR: I think that confusion, corruption, and Communism are altogether likely to be the major issues in the campaign, and I think we have a great deal of ammunition on all those scores.

MR. HUIE: I am sure our audience would like you to discuss Spain. You have been active in trying to obtain more American aid for Spain. You have also traveled there, I believe.

THE SENATOR: I have been over there several times and feel very strongly about the wisdom of our cultivating more closely our relations with them.

MR. HUIE: What is the basis for that, sir? Are you interested in cultivating them for military reasons?

THE SENATOR: Yes, that's the cornerstone. That is one thing on which we have complete unification. The Army because of the ground that is offered. The Air Corps because of the splendid conditions — you can operate there all during the year; they have very good airfields. The Navy because of the ports and because it is the key to the Mediterranean.

MR. HUIE: Why then do we have all this opposition from the White House?

THE SENATOR: I think it is emotional and ideological. The French and British governments now in power have been very critical of the Franco regime, and there are many elements in this country that agree.

MR. HUIE: Senator, I should like to come back to the military aspects of Spain. Do our military authorities believe we could hold Spain in case of a war with Russia?

THE SENATOR: The Pyrénées are the best natural barrier in the world probably. If you had flown over, you could see them running from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, an almost impenetrable barrier. In addition, Spain has from one to two million men who are good fighters. Whatever you think about the Spaniards, they are certainly fighters.

MR. HUIE: We were speaking of the opposition in our country to our aid to Spain, and you said it was emotional. Has the religious issue also been important there?

THE SENATOR: That's what I was referring to. I thought it was better to call it emotionalism rather than religious fanaticism, but that has been very greatly played up and agitated, and I think it has been an influence operating very powerfully in our State Department as manifested in a variety of ways. They announced a year ago January that they were going to normalize relations. Then this year Admiral Sherman finally persuaded them that we must cultivate closer military arrangements.

MR. HUIE: Why haven't we heard any more about it since Admiral Sherman's death?

THE SENATOR: Because the State Department is now doing exactly what they did on China and exactly what they have done in some other quarters. They are carrying on a slow-down on that situation and are planning to sabotage the program if they can, and I think it is a tragic blow at the adequate preparations for our defense.

MR. ROGERS: Will they sabotage the money your committee has appropriated?

THE SENATOR: We appropriated a year ago sixty-two million dollars, and it took them nearly a year to

distribute it. Meanwhile, they gave fifty million dollars to Yugoslavia before they even had any authorization. That made the difference. Yugoslavia has a Communist regime while Spain has a Catholic ideology. And that is apparently not acceptable to those in control in our State Department, and I think it is time the American people understood it.

Senator McCarthy on Stalin, McCarthyism and Mr. Jessup

COLONEL ANSEL TALBERT: Is it your opinion, Senator, that we are any nearer a war than we were a year ago?

THE SENATOR: I don't know. We can assume that Joe Stalin is a smart man. He must be to run that nation the way he has been running it. He has been winning at the rate of a hundred million people a year. Why should he endanger that by starting a shooting war? Of course, as far as war is concerned, we are at war with the Communist half of the world. That war wasn't started by us. It can't be ended by us without ultimate victory. I assume when you say a war, you mean a shooting war. There's no reason why Stalin should start a shooting war when he is winning so rapidly without one and while we are cooperating so well.

MR. HUIE: Senator, you are, of course, one of the most contro-

versial figures we have had in the Senate in a long time. And you have the distinction of having coined a new word for the dictionary, namely *McCarthyism*. How do you define McCarthyism?

THE SENATOR: Mr. Huie, I didn't coin the phrase. The *Daily Worker* originated it. They were the first paper to use it. It is their phrase, and we will let them define it. But to put it the way one columnist did the other day—"Frankly, McCarthyism means calling a man a Communist who later proves to be one."

MR. HUIE: Senator, have you had any regrets about any of the tactics you have used in your attack on the State Department? Have you done anything you wouldn't do if you were doing it again?

THE SENATOR: I think at times we should have hit much harder. I think we understated a number of cases. For instance, in the Jessup case, we said that Jessup was unfit to serve because he had too great an affinity for Communist causes. That was the greatest understatement we ever made.

COLONEL TALBERT: Next year is a presidential year. Have you got any presidential aspirations?

THE SENATOR: Let's put it this way — No.

COLONEL TALBERT: Would you settle for Vice President?

THE SENATOR: I wouldn't take the Vice Presidency. In fact, there is only one job I want, Colonel, and that is to get back in the Senate. Incidentally, that is giving some of my friends — if I can use that term — some concern. I happen to be the ranking member of the Investigating Committee, which means that if the Republicans should take the Senate, I will be head of the Investigating Committee and will then have the power I have never had before, and that is to subpoena the records, bring witnesses in, and cross-examine them, and get to the truth of many of these unusual situations.

MR. HUIE: And if there is a Republican victory and you are in that position, sir, do you expect to launch an investigation in that manner?

THE SENATOR: The McCarran Committee now is doing everything that can be desired of any Investigating Committee. It is the first clean breath of fresh air we have had from Washington, the first indication we might be able to get this fight against Communism away from politics. While that Committee is operating as it is now, there is really no necessity for another committee. They are doing an excellent job.

The Nature of the Enemy

EUDOCIO RAVINES

THE YENAN WAY

AN ADAPTATION FROM THE BOOK

Friend and disciple of Henri Barbusse, trusted by Stalin, trained by Mao Tse-tung, Señor Ravines was until recently the Comintern's white hope for Latin America. His success in applying the "Popular Front" strategy in Chile was phenomenal, an inspiring example to his Chinese instructors, who called it the "Yenan Way" and were, ultimately, even more phenomenally successful. In this personal story, he reveals intimately and at first hand the strangely persuasive nature of our enemy.

The Yen-an Way by Eudocio Ravines, copyright 1951, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., at \$3.00.

The Yenán Way

MY RESCUE from a prison hospital by daring comrades outside, early in 1934, was one of the most spectacular prison breaks in the history of Peru. When I reached Moscow toward the end of the year as a Latin American delegate to a Communist International gathering, I was therefore received as something of a hero. In the Hotel Lux in Moscow, they had prepared for me one of the new apartments on the top floor. Manuilsky had commanded it, with the result that the hotel manager himself ran to open the car door when I arrived from the station. Never had the translators and stenographers been so cordial. Comrade Manuilsky received me with open arms. "You are one of those we must greet with a hug," he exclaimed and clasped me warmly.

It was my second pilgrimage to the Soviet Mecca. I had joined the Communists in Paris in 1927, largely under the influence of the great French novelist, Henri Barbusse, and two years later was given the privilege of visiting Soviet Russia. The pervasive misery and police terror there had shaken my

faith; but back in Paris the eloquence of Barbusse and my own overwhelming will to believe had repaired the damage. I returned to Peru to organize its first Communist Party and a few years later found myself in the infamous subterranean cisterns of King Philip's Castle prison. There I languished, reduced almost to a skeleton, until transferred to the hospital from which I was rescued.

Among the Communist leaders from all over the world arriving in Moscow in late 1934 was also my revered friend Barbusse. He was brimming over with enthusiasm. Several times he referred to cordial conversations with Stalin. One afternoon Barbusse called me aside and in a low voice said, "I think you are about to have a great opportunity. Within a few days comrade Stalin will accord a friendly interview to a small group, not more than fourteen foreign people. I have included your name." I was deeply touched and thanked Barbusse for this new kindness, whereupon he smiled with his usual sweetness.

"I was sure it would please you.

Bring me your Comintern documents and two photographs for identification. If you wish to ask any questions, bring them to me, typed. You may ask two questions if you like, but under no circumstances more than three."

Two days later I received a visit from a tall man with an enormous round face, pink and fleshy, and a shorn head. He gave me a questionnaire in Russian to fill out and asked endless additional questions about my background and activities.

"All right. Now, comrade, may I come to the interview?"

"I cannot tell. It is not up to me. They will let you know. And — as Barbusse will have told you — whether you come to the interview or not, absolute discretion. Not a word to anyone; absolutely not a word."

That night two other agents came, more cordial than the moon-faced man. They asked me in particular, again and again, whether I had ever had a nervous disease. Two days later I had a call from Barbusse saying that I should not leave my room during the next official day of rest. It was forty-eight hours away. Very early that day the moon-faced man appeared in my room, this time very respectful. Not content to call me simply comrade, he said "dear comrade," "esteemed comrade." I was to go first to the Metropole Hotel to meet Barbusse and the others. We would enter

through the Moskva gate, by the bridge along the flank of the big old house of the Comintern. My heart beat violently, as it had the first time I went up in an airplane.

THE KREMLIN within is like one of those World's Fairs at which many countries and industrial firms build pavilions. Gardens, courtyards, houses of various styles, churches, large and small. We were taken to a vast hall, soberly furnished with antique pieces. There we waited for a long time. Barbusse was admitted to an inner room.

A young man, gaunt and austere of face, called me by name and said my questions would not be taken up, either because other people had already formulated them or because they touched too closely on the international policies of the present day. I must therefore limit myself to listening. This I promised to do. We were then admitted to the next room, where Barbusse was talking with several individuals to whom we were introduced. One of them was Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist Party. A man, whose gestures and speech were serious to the point of stereotype, indicated the places each of us should occupy. Barbusse was to be at Stalin's right and Mao at his left. Then came the translators and secretaries. A few minutes before eleven, one of the functionaries announced in a low voice the arrival

of comrade Stalin. We were all standing.

STALIN CAME IN through a little door at the side. He wore a white cotton blouse, khaki breeches, and dark brown boots. With his right hand he supported the pipe in his mouth, exhaling a bluish smoke. He smiled pleasantly, although the smile seemed to give his face an expression of mockery. He shook hands cordially with Barbusse and Mao, and after that we approached, one by one, to clasp the hand that he held out to us across the table.

Stalin is not a tall man. Indeed, I was struck by the difference between the living man and the many statues and portraits that form the iconography of modern Russia. His face is pale, yellowish, and pock-marked. He has a very large belly which seems to annoy him; his effort to hide it under the folds of the wide blouse was obvious. When he laughs his sardonic laughter, he shows two rows of pointed teeth, with evidence of decay. His hair and moustache are gray and bushy, and he has many fine lines from the eyes to the temples. He stood throughout the interview, on legs that seemed too short for his trunk.

His glance was astute rather than intelligent. Mistrust and suspicion showed in it more than sharpness and perspicacity. I sensed that his affability did not flow spontaneously

but arose as if for the occasion. From the first instant he showed special cordiality for Barbusse as well as for Mao. Barbusse seemed a bit tired. Mao was hard-faced, deliberately severe and, at the same time, obsequious to the point of devotion. When Stalin said something, Mao nodded insistently, and once or twice when Stalin said that a question someone asked had already been answered, Mao adopted an attitude of reproof and displeasure.

The first question dealt with racial discrimination, which gave Stalin the opening to exalt the great fraternity that existed among the races in the Soviet Union. He spoke with emphasis, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

After a number of other questions Stalin took his leave of each of us, calling us by our names and speaking a few pleasant personal words to each. We left by the long series of corridors, galleries, and courtyards by which we had come.

I tried not to confess it to myself, but there was no doubt that the interview and the man had disappointed me. Stalin was far from the superior type I had imagined; he seemed to me heavy, cold, contemptuous, suspicious. There came to me an idea — Stalin is not a European. He seemed to me totally a stranger to occidental thought. I expressed this idea to Barbusse. Loyal friend of Stalin that he was,

he did not reply. Instead he asked, "What else drew your attention in the interview?"

"The submissiveness with which Mao Tse-tung behaved toward Stalin. As a human phenomenon it surprised me."

"And the more so," Barbusse agreed, "if you remember that Asiatics do not as a rule show their emotions."

IT WAS AT THAT Seventh Congress of the Comintern in 1934 that the policy of the Popular Front, conceived of originally by Barbusse, was adopted. Chile was designated a field of experimentation for the new policy, and George Dimitrov personally requested that I should direct it. Barbusse was very enthusiastic.

"It is the right road, my son." He put his hand on my shoulder, as he did when he was pleased. I took advantage of this mood to tell him all my doubts and worries—the wretched condition of the Russian people, the scarcity and the poor quality of everything, the dumb discontent, the terrorism, the persistent rumors of great concentration camps of forced labor for political prisoners, the suggestion that great public works like the Canal from the White Sea to the Baltic were being carried out by forced labor, slave labor.

Barbusse listened in silence to my outpourings but without surprise.

"This is not new to me," he said. "I have heard worse things from well-informed Russian sources. But all this is merely a phase, the result of the heritage of the past. It is terrible. Yes, I know: Gorky and I have often lamented it with poor Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, tormented by the police vigilance of which she feels herself the victim. But I assure you, it will end. Do not worry, my son. There will be tangible and convincing justice."

The conversation turned again to the Popular Front, and he emphasized anew the importance of my mission.

"We need your success in South America. For this reason I have even asked Stalin for his opinion on the concrete case of Chile."

"And what does he think?"

Barbusse smiled, paced the floor for awhile and then, very serious, he spoke: "Comrade Stalin, two days after I put the question to him, answered me that in his opinion the method that must be used in South America was the 'Yenan Way.'"

"The Chinese way?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, the Chinese way—the tactics at present followed by Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Li Li-Siang."

"Then," I exclaimed, "I cannot leave without talking with the Chinese comrades about the Yen-an Way!"

Barbusse laughed a little and said: "Stalin is of the same opinion. He thinks you must talk to Mao and the other Chinese. He thinks it will do you a lot of good. Of course, you must not copy but create. . . . Wait quietly in your hotel. If not tomorrow, then the day after tomorrow someone will call to take you to the country house where they are lodged."

Two days later I found myself in the big country house, surrounded with parks and hedges and fenced in with barbed wire, where about seventy Chinese Communist leaders were lodged. They were all absorbed in a bitter ideological dispute between Mao Tse-tung and Li Li-Siang.

Li spoke French fluently. He had been educated in Europe, an Asiatic with occidental ways of thinking. Vehement, clear-headed, with a good sense of humor, he was intellectually superior to both Mao and Chu Teh.

Mao Tse-tung was tall, robust, clumsy in his walk and manners. His large hands and feet bespoke his peasant origin. His idea of arguing was to say "Yes! Yes! Yes!" or "No! No! No!" He was dogmatic and poor at dialectic but could think clearly about what he wanted, or what he knew. Mao was devoted to Stalin. He named him at every moment. Every two sentences, he would say that this expression, that

suggestion, was not the child of the brain of the humble Mao. No, he had merely the talent to borrow them from comrade Stalin. He had an astonishing gift for remembering Stalin's phrases with literal exactitude, and with a precise memory of the moment Stalin said them.

The differences of opinion between Mao and Li had nothing to do with the "Yenan Way"; they were more abstract. When they argued, the large rough Chu Teh tended to go along with Mao rather than with Li, whom he often contemptuously called "intellectual."

I STAYED IN that quiet country house for three days and nights. Both Mao and Li seemed delighted to have me as a guest, and thus to please Barbusse and the illustrious comrade Stalin. We talked at length of the Yen-an tactics.

"The fundamental key to the Yen-an Way," said Li, "lies in the fact that our work does not consist in taking into account only the working class. We think in much wider terms, which touch on other social sectors and include other classes. In view of the menace of fascism, millions of people are disposed to fight on our side. We must make this count for us.

"But it is not only fear of the loss of liberty that clears a way before us. We can play on the ambitions of thousands of politicians, who have come from the *petite bourgeoisie*,

both urban and rural — men who are unable to reach high positions, not so much suited to their abilities as in accord with their ambitions. If we, the Communists, with the large or small forces at our disposal, offer our support to these politicians, they will come to our camp — not as registered members of our party, which would not suit them or us, but as servants. Servants of expediency. It will be to their advantage to serve us. We will repay them always far better than their own parties would.

“We have won in this way hundreds of officers of Chiang Kai-shek’s army. The Chinese soldier is ambitious, hungry for power and thirsty for riches, comforts, and luxury. The talent of the Communist is in knowing how to take advantage of them.”

MAO AROSE and called for drinks and glasses. He then spoke calmly, looking at me out of slanting eyes in a sun-tanned face.

“The greatest talent in this work, comrade, is never to be associated with failure. Never to defend the weak, even when he is right.”

I tried to speak but he stopped me with a gesture.

“Our experience, the experience of the Yenan Way, is this: People like doctors, generals, dentists, town mayors, poor lawyers, do not love power for itself, much less for the good they can do with it. They

want it for the wealth it can bring. They achieve power, and then they begin to call out like Napoleon for money, money, and again money. Get this through your head, comrade! If we help these people, if we are a ladder for them because it suits us, well then it would be absurd for us to stay their hands, sew up their pockets or check their greed. That happened with Chiang in 1927 — we tried to play the moralist and he hurled all his power against us.”

Li interrupted at this point and for an hour the two quarreled in Chinese. Then Mao served fresh drinks and proceeded:

“Let them get rich today. Very soon we can expropriate everything. The more help they get from us in their pillage, the more positions they will let us take and occupy.”

Mao smiled again, that enigmatic Chinese smile. I never knew whether he was laughing at the theory he preached, at the knaves he did business with, or at my astonishment and perplexity.

“I understand,” I said, “the basis of your system. It is a matter of winning certain sections of the middle class over to your side to open a path for yourselves.”

“No, no. You have not understood at all,” said Mao. “It is not a matter of deceiving anyone about our position or ideology.”

Li Li-Siang interrupted: “Do you believe, for example, that we

deceive anyone if we contribute to the victory of a radical politician of the lowest rank — one who has been passed over a hundred times by his own party perhaps because of his incompetence, but who has ambitions, is manageable, and may be elected deputy precisely where we Communists could never elect one of our own people? That isn't deception. It is putting your cards on the table, a *quid pro quo*, a giving and receiving.

"We give this radical socialist what he can never achieve by himself, receiving in turn what is our due. The radical is elected deputy, but he will be effectively compromised to the degree that he must support one of our comrades for selectman or at least registrar."

Mao took up the explanation at this point: "This Communist who, thanks to our arrangement, is chosen selectman, will find the way easier when the party wants to elect a deputy or capture the mayoralty. The public won't elect the radical, but the Communist. The end remains the same; the means change according to our power. This method seems slower, but it is actually quicker and surer.

"Another point: any person who receives our support and does not fulfill his part of the bargain must become the target for a frontal attack of pitiless ferocity. He must be destroyed, be left a wretched tatter at the end."

And then, as if he sensed my distaste, he added: "Either we must lay aside a few principles or we leave the way open to fascism. These are not the ideas of Mao. These are weak echoes of the clairvoyance of our great comrade Stalin."

LATER IN MY ROOM, alone with my tormenting thoughts, I saw that wherever they led me, I came at last to that alternative Mao had described. And before me arose the spectre of Nazi cruelty, Nazi sadism, bestiality unleashed over humanity. No, it was unbearable. Something must be done. Mao and Li went too far perhaps. There might be a gentler way of using their principles. Perhaps — perhaps — And so the human spirit is led, little by little, to the downward slope of moral concessions. It bargains today, to yield ground tomorrow, to end at last in the inevitable retreat, the unconditional surrender. Next day we renewed our conversations.

"We must capture the *petite bourgeoisie*," said Mao, "as the Nazis have done. We must work on politicians who have been passed over, on doctors mired in mediocrity, lawyers sunk in poverty."

"A very useful tool is the lord who has lost his holdings," interrupted Li, "the aristocratic lady or gentleman from the highest social sphere who has come down in the world. If we offer him ever so little, he will serve us gladly. He will do

what he is asked and give what is almost impossible for us to get. Of course, within the party you must always treat him as a great lord.

"When we Communists offer such power as we have in any country, we are really using the prestige that the Communist International and the Soviet Union have come to have in the world. Whether we use the ambition of the ambitious or the disinterestedness of the romantic, or the hope of the liberals left over from the nineteenth century, you would be surprised from how many sectors (except the very successful) we can get people to join with us and carry out our plans. And all the time remember that these progressive radical *bourgeois* and their leftist cliques pass, while the party remains. We are the eternal, they are ephemeral. Thrones totter, but the Church remains."

Then it was my turn to speak.

"Touch only on the practical aspects," Mao advised me. "In life there are no ethical victories. Morals are just so much dessert."

"The Yen'an Way," I said, "envisages a completely new kind of politics for us. If I understand you, it goes beyond the limits of the working-class and poor peasants and the poorest part of the middle class. We must go daringly into other fields, keep our eyes on the positions we want to win, and forget everything else; at any price, win friends, sympathizers, and servants."

"That, especially that — servants," screamed Mao. "People who serve us, through greed, fear, inferiority, vengeance, what have you, but who serve us, serve the party, serve the designs of the Comintern, the cause of the revolution. Congratulations, my boy, you have caught the very essence of the Yen'an Way. Now apply it."

"Yes, I think I understand. Now to take up individual points. In Latin America the dictatorial type of regime is too frequent. In dealing with people who impose themselves by force yet prate of democracy, how should we act? Can we Communists, the leaders of the working-class appear as friends or allies to such persons? The people will distrust us. We shall be helping the very men who snatch the people's liberties."

"Oh, dear friend," said Mao, taking his head in his hands, "how deluded you are about the political thinking of common people. You have a romantic idea of the revolution and its politics. You think the workers and peasants and middle class are full of noble intentions. What a mistake! The immense mass of our friends and enemies is made up of opportunists. You must get that through your head — complete opportunists."

"There are countries which have real party politics, a democratic life, real civil liberties. In such places one adopts the Popular Front, to

attract the left-wingers and leftist groups, good or bad, sincere or not. Tempt them, each through his particular weakness. Help them to get what they want; put pressure, first with offers, later with threats. Compromise them if you can, so they can't get away. So much for places where a Popular Front is possible.

"Now as to your dictators. They interest me particularly. It is this sort of thing that has been my specialty. In countries where politics has not developed far, where elections are a farce, where the military leaders and bosses do as they please — where do you expect to get with your political romanticism?"

"All right," I retorted, "then we shall have to fight."

"Fight," Mao sighed, "fight and lose. The blow of the dictator will always land on your head. His police will crack your skull. And what's in it for you? You will be alone, for no one cares to share blows. No human ambition is nourished on misfortune, no greed satisfied by bad luck. You are asking for heroes, not converts. And heroes are the divine exception!

"Your thinking is antiquated, comrade. Now that the Soviet regime is established in a sixth of the world, we must use other methods, other tactics. If you give tacit support to the dictator, he will give you political jobs in exchange. He may launch terrible diatribes against Communism, or even outlaw the

party. But if you have been his friend, he will not touch a hair of your head. You can work away quietly. He will use you against his enemies; he may even get you to pull a strike somewhere to hurt his enemies. And if you are thus useful to him, he will give new positions to the party. What else matters?

"One thing more — the business of the workers. What will they and the peasants say of all these maneuvers? What will the intellectuals and the white-collar workers who respect the party think? Ah, my friend, all of them, in your country and mine, are human. The workers will be with you if you get something for them. They will abandon you if you do not, however lofty your principles. Get the dictator to give them advantages at your request and they will love you."

In all this explanation, so devoid of principle or morals, in this shameless exposure, I felt a disheartening basis of realism. The Chinese were not very different from Latin Americans, although Mao maintained we lived in two worlds.

YOUR INTERVIEW with the Chinese took a long time," said George Dimitrov, president of the Comintern, when I came to see him, at his request, upon my return to Moscow.

"Yes, it was long," I answered, "and very interesting. But there were moments when the zigzags of the Yen-an Way were like a bitter

draught, *trago amargo*," I put the phrase in Spanish.

"*Trago amargo*," Dimitrov repeated slowly. "It seems they spoke to you very frankly, and they were authorized to speak as they did. What about this *trago amargo*? You may be right to some extent, but remember that at this time we cannot have political ethics or ethical politics. Which do you prefer — a certain amount of immorality, or the triumph of Nazi tyranny?"

"Well —" I hesitated.

"No, no, there are not many paths or even detours which we can freely choose. This is a crossroad in history and we can go in only one of two directions — fascism, or a fight against it with every weapon at hand. You are free to choose, but there is no middle road. The tactics of Yen'an are essential although they have, for palates like yours — and mine too, I assure you — a flavor of *trago amargo*."

But among those with whom we work, I pleaded, we should at any rate choose the least faulty.

"Oh, comrade! You are going back to the cave from which I've tried to draw you! More faulty, less faulty? Free from defects? No, that is not the essential thing. You must judge coldly who serves the party and who fails to serve it. This must be your only criterion. Remember that all our concessions are only temporary. When the revolution triumphs, the steel columns of Com-

munist will march over the bodies of those same people who now hasten to offer us their protection. It cannot be helped. It is inescapable!" He paced the floor with long, slow strides. "Our goal is to make ourselves strong, to acquire skill in mass action, to win positions and become capable of striking blows."

We parted after he had wished me luck and embraced me. I had embarked officially on the Yen'an Way.

THE EXPERTS of the Communist brigade which was to work in Chile arrived in Santiago one by one; the Czech professor Frederick Glauflauf; a German, son of a Nazi professor at Bonn, who passed as Manuel Cazón; the Russian Kazanov, who had Chilean papers, under the name of Casanova; Ricardo Martínez, a Venezuelan; the Italian youth leader Marcucci; and myself, a Peruvian. Marcucci was the ablest of the group and with his help I opened offices which had every appearance of an innocent business in order to screen the presence of the foreigners.

Once established, without any of the Chilean Communists as yet aware of us, we proceeded to contact their principal leaders. The President of Chile, Arturo Alessandri, had declared that the Communist Party would never carry its red banner in the Alameda de las Delicias while he was in office. The outlawed party was engaged in petty and

sterile activity. My first meeting with the few local leaders got us nowhere.

"You think we can come out in the open?" said Barra Silva. "You don't know this government and this police!"

"Before the year is up," I said, "we shall be marching down the streets of Santiago."

"You think you are in France!" mocked Chacón.

If the Chilean leaders understood one thing well, it was passive resistance. They proposed nothing, they opposed nothing, they did nothing. Finally I lost my temper.

"We are going to carry out our program with you, without you, or against you," I declared. "From now on every man will do his job in a responsible fashion. The juggling is over."

The application of the "Yenan Way" tactics in Chile demanded special attention to groups susceptible of approach, and the establishment of a *quid pro quo*. Finding these people was easier than I would have thought. They were men of good will, romantic, sensitive to human grief, ready to collaborate with us as long as it remained a secret. We worked with individuals in some cases, with very small groups in others.

The most numerous were those who wished to learn the fundamentals of our doctrine. Men and women of real culture and good social posi-

tion began to join the restricted "circles" in which courses and lectures were given. These circles multiplied, even in the most fashionable parts of Santiago. No week went by without our conquest of new and firmer "positions."

"These positions will increase," I told my group, "and will be used at the first opportunity to start a legal newspaper."

"A newspaper!" exclaimed Glaubauf. "Let's not start dreaming! But what is your plan?"

"First, a party conference, keeping the directing team we now have. Next, bringing the Radicals into our sphere by holding out the hope that the next President of Chile may be one of their members. Third, with the financial support of our sympathizers, we organize a press and a daily paper. Utilize more and more of the young Radicals we have won. Sink a wedge between the component parts of the so-called Left Block, which is now united against us, and win positions there."

"How?"

"Why, by feeding the ambitions of a few, opening new horizons for them so that they can get ahead."

In the bosom of the Radical Party was a latent schism. Although the Radicals had supported Alessandri, the conservatives and liberals were given all the plums. And so there was a dumb discontent in a large sector of the party. Our job was to turn this into a break between the

Radicals and the parties they had been collaborating with.

"The Radicals have a right to more rewards! The next President of Chile must be a Radical."

This suggestion, slipped across quietly in small district gatherings by our people, had a surprising effect. Immediately the idea was sponsored by larger Radical groups. Imperceptibly, a subtle alliance grew up between the Radicals and the Communists.

Soon after, a *rapprochement* between our leaders and some active Radicals, who felt overlooked in their party, became possible. There were friendly dinners and lunches, washed down with good Chilean wine, at which hints were dropped about future senators, deputies and directors of businesses dependent on the government. It was surprising with what eagerness these "innocent" suggestions were caught up — and even more surprising how, a few years later, they had been converted into fact.

"And you Communists then," they would say, "what do you want?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing! We are working against fascism, for a government that will legalize the Communist Party, nothing more."

"If only you don't attack us it will be sufficient," said one young Radical leader. "We would be grateful and leave you in peace. An attacking Communist is like a bug

in your ear. It would be a good thing to have you for our friends."

In our work with non-Communists I saw lawyers who spent the day defending corporations and the night anathematizing capitalism. These men helped the party financially, authorized credit from the banks, and aided the organization of counter-espionage within the police. The same thing happened with doctors, civil servants, and even some businessmen. It was clear, too, that the Chilean Communist Party had recovered faith in itself. We now had to restrain the aggressiveness of our new contingents.

THE GREAT opportunity arrived with the death of Pedro Leon Ugalde, a leftist Radical senator beloved by the people. I proposed that the Communist Party attend the burial and unfurl its banners in the cemetery. In the past we had attacked Ugalde, called him awful names. The people would say that we were publicly admitting our error and would admire our courage.

Tens of thousands of persons walked behind the bier. Cordons of policemen armed with clubs escorted the procession which grew in volume and showed itself hostile to the government. The crowd was enormous. All Santiago was there.

There was tension, because handbills and manifestoes had announced the presence of the Communist

Party. Most people expected the Communists to be aggressive and virulent. When Chamudez, one of our members, stepped forward to speak, he was greeted with hostile cries.

"Outside! Make him get down! Wretch! Communist, outside!" In the growling mass someone tried to pull Chamudez back. The Communists surrounded him, unfolded their flags.

"Let him speak," cried someone, and there was silence.

The words fell solemn and clear, ringing with emotion, from the mouth of Chamudez.

"Chileans!" The silence deepened. It was the first time any Communist had opened a speech without saying "comrades." "In the name of the Communist Party I come to lower our banners before the tomb of a man who fought bravely for the freedom of his people —"

A thundering ovation rose to the sky. "Long live Pedro Leon Ugalde, battler for liberty!"

The wall of hate and of resistance had been broken; popular sentiment and the sincere grief of the people had been exploited; the psychologically favorable moment had been utilized.

The director of the daily *La Opinion*, Juan Luis Mery, was the next speaker. He was at that time under police persecution for attacking a government deal. The warmth with which he was received showed

him to be at the height of his popularity.

And from this incident came the idea: Juan Luis Mery must be the successor of Ugalde in the Senate. The Yenan Way was open at last.

CANDIDATES to fill Ugalde's seat sprang up like mushrooms after a rain. The Socialist Oscar Schnacke was a candidate. He was a stubborn adversary. Knowing that the actual Communist vote in Santiago did not reach a thousand, he would make no concessions. Of the Radicals the Chilean Communists favored Lafertte. Mery had just been exiled to Argentina and the Left Block announced that it would escort him, in honor, to the border.

At our next meeting I argued to support Lafertte would only reveal how few votes we controlled, whereas to support Mery against Schnacke would be to drive a strong wedge in the Left Block, of which they were both members. Accordingly Mery received the news that the Communist Party would support him with the slogan, "It is not a matter of accompanying Mery to the frontier but of preventing his exile." Influence was brought to bear on the Radicals, with the suggestion that Mery's candidacy might be a step towards the presidency. The daily *La Opinion* shifted towards its new allies; the Left Block was successfully split, and the Socialists isolated. A Socialist leader

sympathetic to us was persuaded to restrain Schnacke.

Thus the Left Block, to avoid a split, was forced to unity around Mery; after which the government decreed his amnesty to enable him to campaign freely. In the big parade for Mery the Communists marched last in line behind the Radicals, the Socialists, and democrats, in that order. It was really the best place, since the crowd always joins the tail of a parade and made our members appear double. Thus the red banner *was* carried down the Alameda de las Delicias, giving the lie to President Alessandri.

Although Mery was defeated, it was natural that from that time on the politicians should take the Communist Party into consideration. Every embryo *politico* who wanted a hand up became our friend and to some extent our agent. The revolutionary movement of yesterday had become a bargain counter, which had nothing to do with the hard conditions of the masses. After the election we had long conferences with the more leftist Radical leaders, who agreed to launch and foster the idea of a Popular Front. In the bosom of this assembly, the idea had already been accepted that the next president should be a Radical. And so it was easy to insinuate the Popular Front as a political force able to achieve that goal. The Radical leaders put the thing over brilliantly. But the Communists were

behind them, acting by remote control.

SOON ANOTHER local senatorial election arose, in a district where the Communists had at most seven votes of our own. We backed the Radical Dr. Saenz, one of the biggest landholders in Chile — a bitter dose for some of the comrades. So the rich landholder marched to battle supported by the party of world proletarian revolution. The Popular Front won its first great victory in his election. Our party came out of hiding, practically on the shoulders of the Radicals.

Politicians of every shade of opinion who felt or knew themselves to have been overlooked now drew close to us, just as Mao Tse-tung had predicted. And the “middle-class servants” came in avalanches. There was the generous type, moved by compassion for human misery; to these, very gently, we played sentimental tunes about democracy and peace. This emotional appeal brought a tremendous response, especially among the youth.

The “Yenan Way” went into the field of labor unions, with the prestige of its political victories. It was no longer our policy to impose Communist officials on the unions. On the contrary, we tried to attract to our camp the leaders already chosen by the unions to corrupt and bend them to our will. Each case was studied individually. Those

who resisted met with difficulties — their friends were drawn away; they were isolated; a relentless campaign was waged to persuade the workers that they had secret understandings with the bosses. Making a strike fail was a good tactic. Then the independent union leader would be blamed, and we appeared as the real defenders of the workers. Or we sometimes stepped up the violence of a peaceful strike, so that the leader would be compromised and arrested or fined by his employer.

BUT THE method that worked best was to get the favor of the officials in the government labor offices. Ministers as a class have no desire to complicate their lives, and even less to lose their jobs, their salaries, their fine cars. In Latin America, a Minister of Labor is always a lover of compromise and “fixing.” And these Ministers know that Communists are expert trouble-makers. So, when a Communist leader comes, suave and humble, to their offices, bringing with him the formula for a nice arrangement, the Ministers of Labor are very glad to see him and to be his friends and allies. Full success is assured when the Minister or Director is convinced that the party can favor the candidacies of a senator, a deputy, a mayor or an alderman. “What we must achieve,” we agents of the Comintern said, hammering the table at the cell meetings of each

union, “is that all the advantages the workers gain shall come through the Communist Party.” And so all resistance disappeared. The workers grouped themselves with the winners, and the independents were left with only one course — to knuckle under to our demands and yield to the pressure we put upon them.

Thus the Yenan Way was succeeding in Chile. Moscow, impressed, sent special agents to pick up the most complete information on our experience, the results, and the extent of our movement. The Chilean Communist Party won a seat of honor at the seventh Congress of the Communist International.

The hour had now come for our numerous sympathizers to give concrete proof of their devotion. We decided to found a press of our own, which among other things would publish a paper to be called not *The Scarlet Banner* but *Popular Front*. Some of our friends were to give one lump sum; others were to pledge a quarterly amount by accepting discountable notes; yet others put their credit behind short-term loans. In this way the journalistic venture of the Chilean Communist Party was born. Its founders were all non-Communists who, without joining our ranks, made possible the most powerful enterprise the party ever possessed in Latin America. We could never have done it with the pennies of our members.

The appearance of a paper known

to be controlled by the Communist Party produced a public sensation. None of the parties of the left had its own paper; our press was tangible proof of our political power. The afternoon the first copy of *Frente Popular* came off the press in September, 1936, the building was invaded by thousands of happy people. "It's true," the Communists laughed. "It's a miracle," said the beautiful women, the distinguished lawyers, the thirsty candidates. The biggest Chilean banks authorized large loans to the journalistic organization that fought them hardest. Importers and exporters fought for the political support of a paper that had the support of the Chilean section of the Communist International!

Sure enough, the next parliamentary election showed the incontestable strength of the Popular Front, through which the Communist Party won the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The results were far beyond our most optimistic hopes of two years before.

Meanwhile news came of the revolution that had broken out in Spain. A message from Moscow said, "The Spanish civil war needs the help of all who are able to go there." Drawn by the heroic vision of Madrid, the importance of the struggle, we — my bride, a girl as dedicated to the cause as to our happy love, and I — decided to go. In a March fog we flew over the majestic mountain

ranges on our way to Buenos Aires and Spain, the last refuge of all our hopes as Communists.

SPAIN was the turning point in my life. It was there that the festering doubts I had voiced to Barbusse came to a head. I saw how the Kremlin, in its determination to capture Spain or wreck it, used everything from intrigue to cold-blooded murder even against devoted Communists to gain its ends. I saw brave and sincere fighters "liquidated" by being sent to hopeless positions in the front lines and also by the firing squad. I was present when my disillusioned friend Marcucci, the Italian Communist who worked with me in Chile, committed suicide in a fit of despair.

From Spain I was summoned to Moscow for a third time, in the winter of 1938, only to find the capital of my hopes and dreams in the grip of blood purges, its people more wretched than ever. Though I begged to be sent back to work in my native Peru, Dimitrov insisted that I must return to Chile. "War threatens," he explained, "and our first consideration must be the defense of the Soviet Union. We must consolidate the positions from which this defense can be carried out. Chile is a magnificent position in South America. We can't lose it and therefore we need you there."

I agreed, sadly.

At a subsequent Latin American

conference, he was more specific: "We must use everyone who comes near us," he emphasized, "and the number grows every day. Particularly we must use ambitious politicians who need support; men who want to rise and lack a ladder."

"We'll provide the ladder today and take it away from them the moment it suits us," said Manuilsky.

"There are thousands of people, there will be millions later," said Dimitrov, "whom we can attract and domesticate. There are so many embittered persons, full of protest against something, and a prey to broken hopes. They long for something without knowing what, but something new and emotional and hopeful."

"The time has come, comrades," Manuilsky went on, "when we must cultivate carefully all outstanding personalities — soldiers, painters with a reputation, writers and union leaders, musicians and sculptors, sports heroes, and actors of stage and screen. In Mexico, we have Lombardo Toledano and his friends; they are not party members, but more valuable for that very reason. In Hollywood we have people who work admirably for the Soviet Union. Browder knows that. Moreover, our attitude must be implacable against any newspaperman, intellectual, poet, or writer who censures the Soviet Union or attacks us. He must be made an object of derision, his defects skillfully pointed

out, his competitors or literary enemies built up at his expense. He must be attacked until he is discouraged or brought over to our side."

In Spain, among the bloody corpses, I had felt my Communist faith wearing thin. In Moscow, after the trials and these Comintern meetings, I felt only a cold calm emptiness. There was now neither faith nor convictions nor ideals; there was nothing except a tense anguish like a pain in my vitals. The whole Russian atmosphere had begun to weigh on me so that I had an almost mad desire simply to get out and away, never to return, never, never any more. How painful it is to have come to hate so fiercely what one has once loved and trusted!

BACK IN CHILE I was free to choose the path that suited me best. I was free to abjure Stalin and the theories with which he cloaked his dictatorship, or remain in his ranks, the victim of psychic inertia, pretending to a faith that was actually a decaying corpse. I could leave the party or remain in it. Which should I do? The easiest thing was to wait for time to ripen my resolution as it ripens a vegetable; to let routine govern me, rather than my will. Then too I had still the duty to fight fascism. At that moment, to denounce Stalin and to expose his hoax would be to carry grist to the Nazi mill. I had also to consider

what I owed the men who had put their faith in me as a leader. If it is cruel and painful to trample on one's own illusions, it is worse to destroy those of others, to show them by one's conduct that their trust has been misplaced.

Perhaps too, in a shameful fashion and without even admitting it to myself, I was motivated by fear of Communist reprisal—the furious and persistent attacks, the insults and calumny that would result. And at the bottom of everything, as in Pandora's box, there was still hope. Perhaps there would be a change—a new movement by the Russians to throw off police tyranny, and a renewing current in the West which would destroy Nazism and bring a new life for all. By this sort of thinking, by these delusions, I resigned myself to continuing without faith, hope, or ardor, in the ranks of the party.

So I let the days pass, rescuing from disaster the Communist paper I had founded, and devoting myself to cementing good relations between the Communists and Radicals. With our aid, more and more “friendly” candidates took office, more and more Communists and fellow-travelers dug themselves into every branch of Chilean life.

The powerful forces on the right, notwithstanding the talent and sagacity of their leaders, strengthened the popular support for the left by their fascist parades, their defense of

Franco, and the raising of millions of pesos with which to buy the election. Chile got a radical President. The Comintern Directive had been carried out, and from that moment Communist power increased so much as to astonish its own leaders.

MY TRANCELIKE MOOD was broken by the shock of the news, in August 1939, that Stalin and Hitler had made their pact of mutual friendship. In spite of everything, until now I had rationalized my support of the party by the excuse that a united front must be maintained against Nazism. Yet here went the two, hand in hand. Hitler and Stalin! I felt my own vacillations and hesitations fall from me like dead leaves from the trees in autumn. I announced my break with the movement to which I had devoted eighteen years of my life, and steeled myself for the systematic abuse that is the fate of every “renegade” from Communism.

On leaving the Communist ranks I turned to journalism. Fortunately for me, Mery's paper, *La Opinion*, was moving farther and farther out of the Communist orbit, and I was made one of its editors. When the attack on Pearl Harbor came, I offered my services to the United States Embassy. For four years I worked with Harrison Biddle and others who headed the United States press campaign in Latin America.

In spite of all the efforts of my former comrades to have me eliminated, I worked in the cause of the United Nations till the fall of Berlin. That same day, at last, I returned to my native Peru.

BUT THE EVIL SEEDS I had sown thrived after my departure. In 1946, eleven years after I had launched Chile on the Yenan Way, the Popular Front had its crowning victory — the pro-Communist Radical leader, Gabriel Gonzales Videla, was elected President and named three Communist ministers, the first Communist Cabinet members in the Western hemisphere. But subsequently he became convinced that the Communists were not acting in accordance with Chilean interests but with those of Soviet Russia. He broke with them, outlawed the party, and bore down on the leaders and organizers of Communism.

As for me, I remained for a longer time “still hypnotized,” as one of my colleagues frankly told me. I had left the ranks of the Communist International, I was opposed to the party and its policies, but I still thought it feasible to combine a condemnation of the hypocrisy and the vileness of the Yenan Way with the good that the Soviet Union might yet bring to the cause of the world’s unfortunate. The events in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia destroyed these illusions. I saw that Stalin’s dictatorship was becoming more cynical, more pitiless, an avalanche threatening the entire world. Thus I was left with only one road open to me, that of denouncing the danger, attacking the menace, and exposing in all its rottenness the Yenan Way, in all its horror the Soviet preparation for unleashing on humanity a Third World War.



Our Troubled Middle Classes

DENNIS H. WRONG

White Collar. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press. \$5.00. 378 pages. Reviewed by Dennis H. Wrong.

PROFESSOR C. WRIGHT MILLS of Columbia University is one of the few sociologists in the country who still pursues the classic goal of social science: the attempt to formulate a broad view of society as a whole and to plot the direction in which it is moving in the muddy river of history. In the tradition of Karl Marx, Max Weber, and Veblen, he strives to combine a total vision with detailed evidence, an objective account of social facts with an aware-

ness of their relevance to human values. Mills has previously written a book on labor leaders and articles on small businessmen, public relations fixers and intellectuals, locating each of these groups within the historical trend of American society as he sees it. In this book he focuses on the white-collar occupations, the "new middle class" as they have been labeled. Once again, he is interested in more than merely amassing information about them. As his opening sentence — "The white-collar people slipped quietly into modern society" — suggests, his aim is to see them in relation to

the broad processes of social change in America.

The book is divided into four sections. The first describes the decline of the old middle class of independent farmers and small businessmen with the expansion in size and power of the huge bureaucracies of corporate business, government, and labor. The second section introduces us statistically to the new middle classes who are the white-collared employees of these bureaucracies and presents incisive portraits of various white-collar groups. There are separate chapters on top-level executives, fixers, and middle management; the old professions of law, medicine, and academic scholarship; intellectuals ("Brains, Inc."); and finally the retail salespeople and office workers at the bottom of the white-collar pyramid. Schoolteachers, clergymen, and government workers, insofar as the latter differ from their opposite numbers in business, are missing from this roster of the more important salaried occupations. In the third section Mills describes the corrosive effect of bureaucratization on traditional American images of work, status, and success, and in a final section he peers into the future to try to assess the political role which white-collar people are likely to play. After a discussion of white-collar trade unionism and a review of different theories about the political destiny of salaried employees (i.e. will the

salaried go proletariat?), he concludes, in tones edged with contempt, that "on the political marketplace of American society, the new middle classes are up for sale; whoever seems respectable enough, strong enough, can probably have them."

The solidest chapters are those on salespeople ("The Great Salesroom") and office workers ("The Enormous File") which are based on intensive interviews with white-collar workers in New York City. Mills analyzes the way in which the skills of clerical and sales employees are leveled and standardized by the process which Werner Sombart, the German economic historian, called "the objectification of the capitalist spirit." Sombart showed how the invention of cost accounting and other rational methods of bookkeeping, and the creation of a host of highly specialized administrators integrated into a vast system of interlocking bureaus, have substituted formula, technique, and organizational routine for the old bourgeois virtues of thrift, shrewdness, and enterprise which once had to be cultivated as dominant personality traits by the individual businessman. These are now "built into" the very structure of the large business concern in the same way that scientific rationality is built into machines: in the factory the engineer-craftsman has been replaced by a hierarchy of blueprinters and designers

reaching down to the workman who does nothing but clamp a bolt on a single part of an automobile body with the result that today, quite literally, no one person is able to make a Ford car. Salesmanship, Mills points out, has been "expropriated" from the individual by a like process; it is now a rationalized procedure, a matter of "know-how" taught by course and manual rather than the creative flair which enabled the legendary Yankee, still a hero of our folklore, to sell ice to an Eskimo. Not only has salesmanship been reduced to a technique, but, with white-collar employees becoming at each census a larger percentage of the population, more and more people are forced to "sell themselves" in order to find an economic security which can be attained only by working for others. Thus "this is a time of venality. . . . The bargaining manner, the huckstering animus, the memorized theology of pep, the commercialized evaluation of personal traits — they are all around us; in public and in private there is the tang and feel of salesmanship," as Mills puts it with characteristic verve.

In the office the old-fashioned bookkeeper of the late nineteenth century, with his green eyeshade, quill pen, and bulky ledgers has given way to the contemporary horde of brisk young male and female clerks who feed papers into the clacking I.B.M. machines and vault

like file cases on the upper floors of midtown skyscrapers. The position of private secretary, which requires the exercise of subtle skills of diplomacy, is being undermined by the dictaphone and by the practice of pooling stenographic services followed in many large offices. Like the foreman in industry and the floorwalker in the department store, she has lost many of her functions and become more easily replaceable, as the extension of the division of labor leads to greater emphasis on machines and quickly acquired specialized skills and less on more intangible personal qualities. The technological revolution in the office is barely underway; electric typewriters, billing machines, and electronic calculators are just coming into their own. The new office introduces mass production techniques: machines are arranged to permit an unimpeded flow of work and walls are broken down so that the clerks can work factory-style in large rooms where they are subject to constant supervision. Complex skills are reduced to simpler ones for which the rate of pay is less, clerks and secretaries become machine tenders and, with further advances in electronics, technological unemployment of office-workers becomes a strong possibility. All of this hasn't yet developed very far; Mills is describing a trend. Too frequently, however, he writes as if it were already a full-bodied actuality; con-

sequently he minimizes the satisfactions to be found in office work: gossip and companionability and, perhaps most important of all, boy-meets-girl opportunities. I can readily believe that "the great sales-room" (for which Macy's is his model) is the desiccating environment he describes; salesgirls, after all, suffer the strain of being constantly on display before "that great beast," the public, but the office is more sheltered than the front trenches of commerce. Here, as elsewhere in the book, Mills sacrifices the complexities of the present to his black vision of the future.

MILLS' DISCUSSION of the managers is less satisfactory although it includes some acute vignettes of bureaucratic types like the "live-wire" fixers who often become "so-and-so's bright boy" and "the glum men" who inhabit inner offices barricaded by a cordon of subordinates and secretaries. Corporation executives Mills places at the upper limits of the new middle class; in fact only on strictly formal grounds, because of their status as salaried employees, can they be grouped with the other white-collar occupations at all. Anxious to refute James Burnham's thesis that the managers are the "new ruling class" of a non-capitalist society, Mills spends many pages trying to show that they really belong to "the prop-

ertied classes." He points out that in spite of their propertyless status and their dependence on salaried income, executives are defenders of free enterprise, and measure their own efficiency by the net profits their firms are able to show on the books. This is all that needs to be demonstrated to disprove Burnham's shaky theory. However, Mills' reference to "propertied classes" — the only group in American society he fails to define explicitly in any of his writings — smacks of vulgar Marxist simplifications at a time when a corporation can legally "own" other corporations by pyramiding ownership of stock through holding companies, and when there are giant corporations like A.T.&T. whose largest stockholder is an insurance company owning less than one per cent of the total stock and whose list of its twenty leading stockholders includes only two individual persons. The almost obsessive way in which Mills repeats and restates his argument through a dozen consecutive paragraphs reflects his inability to free himself entirely from traditional Marxist formulations that are clearly inapplicable to the present situation.

There are, of course, brokers, financiers, and coupon clippers who control vast industrial empires by means of strategically allocated investment capital, but they are hardly a "propertied class" in the sense in which feudal landlords or

nineteenth century "captains of industry" were. In the world of Big Business property has become an evanescent, "now you see it now you don't" sort of thing, impersonal and intangible to the point where, in the words of the late Harvard economist Joseph Schumpeter, "the holder of the title (of ownership) loses the will to fight, economically, physically, politically, for 'his' factory and his control over it, to die if necessary on its steps."

Mills' preoccupation with Marxist demons is sharply revealed in his concept of the "sophisticated conservative," more fully developed in his previous book, *The New Men of Power*. The sophisticated conservative is the velvet-gloved, iron-fisted figure who, while glibly spouting liberal rhetoric, guides us into what Mills, with brilliant aptness, calls "the main drift towards a managed economy." Mills sees the New Deal as a device fathered by that arch-sophisticated conservative, Franklin D. Roosevelt, to stabilize an increasingly planned and authoritarian society. I find it difficult to believe that there exists a clique of government and business bureaucrats who possess so long-range a program which is being carried out in so Machiavellian a manner. Mills' sophisticated conservatives are too reminiscent of those other conspiratorial bogeymen "the international financiers," "the Wall Street gang," and "the collectivist planners." It is

more probable that the bureaucrats are, like the rest of us, also passive victims of the main drift. While they occupy the key positions in our society, there is much evidence that they too feel impotent and frightened. Perhaps the real horror of the main drift is that no group appears to possess the capacity and inner strength needed to check it.

A recent series of articles in *Fortune* entitled "The Wives of Management" began with the following quotation from a leading corporation executive: "We control a man's environment in business, and we lose it entirely when he crosses the threshold of his home. Management, therefore, has a challenge and an obligation to deliberately plan and create a favorable, constructive attitude on the part of the wife that will liberate her husband's total energies for the job." The articles (written, incidentally, by a well-known sociologist) go on to report that many corporations now insist on interviewing wives whose husbands are candidates for high managerial posts; the advice of trained psychologists on how to "adjust" to a mobile family life is proffered; wives are given pep talks and bombarded with leaflets stressing the importance of their husbands' jobs; and, we are told, some corporations refuse to hire men whose wives have sizable independent incomes because their husbands' "economic drives" may be less intense. This is a hair-

raising corroboration of Mills' analysis of the way in which psychological techniques of manipulation and compulsions to self-salesmanship are penetrating the most intimate spheres of our lives. After reading these articles, one feels the shades of George Orwell's 1984 closing down on us. However, the editors of *Fortune*, specifically designated by Mills as sophisticated conservatives, reacted in precisely this way and were moved to write an editorial entitled "In Defense of the Ornery Wife" which vigorously defends individualism and the right to rebel. The main drift has not yet become a raging torrent.

THE GENERAL IMPRESSION left by *White Collar* is that Mills' picture of the expanding salaried occupations is broadly accurate, the trends he describes clearly are at work, and we breathe their effects in the polluted air about us. Yet the total perspective of the book strikes one as being off-center in a curious way. Mills' vision of American society lacks the verisimilitude, the bite of authenticity, displayed in a book like David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*, which is about the only other really imaginative attempt made in the last few years to analyze the steady erosion of traditional American values. I think that primarily it is Mills' tendency to read the future into the record of the present which is at fault, al-

though there are other more specific reasons. For example, he attaches too much significance to advertising and promotional literature and to Dale Carnegie books. Also, he draws heavily on several novels about white-collar workers such as Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle* and Sinclair Lewis' *The Job* which, after all, are by no stretch of the imagination great novels and which are without exception written by men who are not white-collar workers about women who are.

There are some people who can work up tremendous indignation by laboriously documenting the vulgarities and banalities of commercial culture. In voices trembling with fury they disclose the chambers of horrors which they find implicit in the degraded images of human life presented by advertising, the comic books and the pulps. Many intellectuals have earned reputations as acute analysts of "popular culture" in this way, and, no doubt, it is right that we should occasionally be forced to rub our noses in the cultural offal around us which we ignore or take for granted much of the time. But it is important to note also that we do ignore it, and intellectuals certainly have no right to assume that "the others," the masses, shopgirls, or even the admen themselves, allow it to dominate their lives. Mills is far too sophisticated to rant and roar about the indignities of commercial

culture and he is too serious and has too good taste to adopt that other favored stance of hugging *The New Yorker* to one's bosom and luxuriating in one's own superiority to the comical lowbrows. Nevertheless he is ready to believe that a lot of people are taken in by the sales manuals and the more blatant falsifications of the mass media. This accounts in part for the strident contempt he evidently feels for the white-collar masses. While he skillfully enumerates the reasons why such contempt is abroad, he himself drops into the little-man-what-now tone on many occasions.

If I have sounded over-critical of

White Collar it is only because it offers so compelling and plainly accurate a picture of much we are living through today that it evokes a reflex of dissent from anyone who can still find sources of richness, vitality, and joy in some areas of contemporary American experience. Oddly, Mills' own vigor and energy, his sharp images, and his crackling style seem to belie the gloom of his tale. He has written a most serious book, one which tries to see where Hegel's angel of history is driving us in a period when, despite much ideological noise and glib chatter about atomic Armageddons, no one really seems to care.

IN SHORT

***The Mechanical Bride: Folklore of Industrial Man.* By Marshall MacLuhan. Vanguard Press. \$4.50. 157 pages.** An original and provocative analysis of the folkways of modern man as revealed in advertising, comic strips, gossip columns, and all the forms that make up our daily culture rather than the Sunday world of the fine arts. Mr. MacLuhan achieves some startling effects by reproducing and enlarging many of the things we glance at as we run without considering their effects. Carefully and wittily isolating the basic drives and appeals of the new media, linking them with changes in the social structure, Mr. MacLuhan employs a unique method of en-

larging our insight into the world in which we live. ***Way to Wisdom.* By Karl Jaspers. Yale University Press. \$3.00. 208 pages.** One of the founders of existentialism presents his thoughts on the major themes and problems of philosophy. Though systematic philosophy, Jaspers points out, is bound up with the sciences, philosophy itself springs from different sources, deals intimately with the fundamental problems of man's existence, and is therefore characterized by diversity, tentativeness, and accessibility. The essays on such topics as "The History of Man," "The Idea of God," "Philosophy of Science" provide a stimulating and original, if at times, difficult, intro-

duction to philosophic thought. *American Diplomacy, 1900-1950.* By George F. Kennan. University of Chicago Press. \$2.75. 146 pages. One of the first efforts to set forth and analyze the basic concepts of our foreign policy by a professional diplomat. Mr. Kennan, formerly director of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, explains that in 1900 the political and military realities were such that we had little to fear whereas the present finds us facing a situation fraught with danger and uncertainty. To some degree the change seems to him to be the result of our failure to take into account the realities of the world in which we find ourselves. Though he disclaims a fundamentally cynical or Machiavellian approach to politics, the main burden of his thesis seems to be that we have exaggerated the role of moral and legal principles in international affairs and slighted our own practical national interests. *Murder, Inc.* By Burton Turkus and Sid Feder. Farrar, Straus & Young. \$4.50. 498 pages. The former assistant D.A., who played a major role in the conviction of some of our most noted ganglords, sets forth a story more gruesome and dramatic than our most lurid fiction or cinema can offer. It gives a much clearer picture than anything done so far of the structure, methods, and mentality of our syndicated criminals. Mr. Turkus also fires some telling shots at the Kefauver committee and

makes it clear that we still have a long way to go in understanding the nature of the criminal empire and destroying it. *Left Bank, Right Bank.* By Joseph A. Barry. W. W. Norton & Co. \$3.00. 267 pages. Mr. Barry writes about Paris and Parisians with all the enthusiasm of an astronomer discovering a new planet. Its painters, writers, boulevards, and cafés are described with a genuine, if somewhat naive, zest and effervescence that makes the book a rarity in a period of calculated sophistication. You can see a great deal of France through Mr. Barry's eyes but it is the vision of a lover rather than a critic. *Atlantic City Cantata.* By Hugh Chisholm. Farrar, Straus and Young. \$3.00. 126 pages. An original attempt to combine a variety of poetic techniques and styles, both popular and learned, by means of a single theme. Mr. Chisholm is a talented poet, but the very novelty of his undertaking seems to make for a certain gaucheness and even silliness. Passages of amusing burlesque and effective lyrical writing are interspersed with uninhibited doggerel. The vacation resort is taken more as a pat symbol of modern decadence than an inspiring, complex datum for the poet to interpret. *Achievement in American Poetry 1900-1950.* By Louise Bogan. Henry Regnery and Co. 157 pages. \$2.50. A sharply written, well-informed account of changes in American poetry by one of our dis-

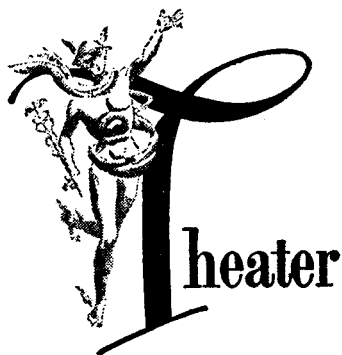
tinguished poets. Miss Bogan is at her best when discussing the personalities and influences that brought about the break with the sentimental, genteel poetry of the early 1900's. Most of the summaries and estimates of the outstanding figures in American poetry are accurate and sensitive, but some of the better younger poets are slighted in favor of their more prominent but less gifted contemporaries. *Pleasures of Music.* By Jacques Barzun. The Viking Press. \$5.00. 624 pages.

An altogether unique anthology of what musicians, music critics, and music-loving poets and writers have had to say about composers and performances over the last two hundred years. The selections have been made with exquisite perception and discriminating taste. They will beguile, charm, and amuse all those who really care about music, from the professionals to the sit-at-homes who like to listen so long as the chairs are soft and comfortable.

How Times Have Changed

My father, a wise and grave man, bade me observe that I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labor, want of necessities, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it, not embarrassed with the labors of the hands or of the head, not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, nor harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; nor enraged with the passion of envy, nor the secret burning lust of ambition for great things; but, in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world and sensibly tasting the sweets of living, without the bitter; feeling that they are happy and learning by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, 1719



WARD MOREHOUSE

KING OF THE THESPIANS

LAURENCE OLIVIER

EDWIN BOOTH, if we're to accept the legends and most of the solemn evaluations, was the finest American actor of his time. Richard Mansfield came along with great versatility and a definite flamboyance. The 20th Century brought forth the drawing-room finesse of Drew, the repression of Gillette, the flag-waving of Cohan, the realism of Holbrook Blinn, and, during its second decade, the art of John Barrymore was startlingly revealed in a series of plays — *Justice*, *Redemption*, *Peter Ibbetson*, and *The Jest*. Finally, in *Hamlet*, the magnificence of his performance set him apart from his contemporaries.

When the Barrymore decline be-

gan — it was actually a withdrawal from the theater after his triumph in *Hamlet* and *Richard III* — an extraordinarily facile actor from the stock companies, bearing the name of Alfred Lunt, was on his way to the top. And throughout the years, from the early 1900's to the mid-century mark, distinguished players from the London stage moved in upon the Broadway scene — some to come and go, others to stay and make an American career of it. We are in the debt of the English theater for the services of such men as George Arliss, Forbes-Robertson, Dudley Digges, Basil Rathbone, Leslie Howard, Maurice Evans.

Followers of the Broadway the-

ater of the immediate years have been impressed by the intelligence and acting skill of London's Alec Guinness. They have come to know that sheer brilliance is to be expected from John Gielgud, whether he is playing Hamlet, or the verse drama of Christopher Fry, or the sublime artificialities of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Playgoers have been captivated by the Ralph Richardson characterization of Sir John Falstaff, that roaring and disreputable old knight, and equally fascinated by the superb playing of another Englishman, Maurice Evans, in *Richard II*. But I suspect that the actor who has acquired the status of the John Barrymore of three decades ago — who, in the minds of the theatre-lovers and film-goers alike is the king of them all — is Laurence Olivier.

HERE IS a man with all the qualities an actor needs — looks, figure, voice, intelligence, background, ambition. Perhaps he is lacking in Gielgud's nobility; perhaps his Lear was no match for Gielgud's; perhaps he has been outplayed in the role of Macbeth. But he is an actor who can turn to parts that the more limited Gielgud wouldn't even consider trying. He is a leading man who can go in for character. Along with his many other assets, he has that vital quality of showmanship. So, regardless of protests from the

Gielgudites in the British Isles, or from many who are unswerving in their support of Alfred Lunt, and regardless of possible dissent from fellow-members of the New York Drama Critics' Circle, I give you Laurence Olivier, born in Surrey forty-five years ago, son of a clergyman and married to Vivien Leigh, as the world's best actor — of the moment. Substitute "greatest" for "best" and it's closer to what I mean.

My nomination of Olivier is based on his accomplishments as well as his potentialities. He has done a lot of Shakespeare; he will do more. I'm sure that he has a yearning for another whirl at Lear, that he will yet turn to *Othello* and *Timon of Athens*. Preparatory work for his present eminence included courses in all sorts of the drama's odds and ends. He made London appearances in plays ranging from *Journey's End* to Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine*; he was involved in the melodramatics of *Murder on the Second Floor* and the shiny flippancies of Philip Barry's *Paris Bound*. He appeared interestingly, but somehow almost anonymously, in New York with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence in Coward's diverting *Private Lives*. Later, and again in New York, he distinguished himself as Julian in *The Green Bay Tree*.

Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic found him invaluable when they engaged him for S. N.

Behrman's *No Time for Comedy*. He failed utterly — he and Vivien Leigh failed — when he put on, and with his own money, a New York production of *Romeo and Juliet*. But when he returned a decade later with the Old Vic, he was an actor who had fulfilled all of the promise of his *Green Bay Tree* performance. He stirred us with the vehemence of his Hotspur in *Henry IV*, showed his feeling for character-comedy with his cackling Justice Shallow, and his extraordinary power in *Oedipus Rex*. Add all of this to his availability for almost any role you can name, reflect upon the clarity of his screen *Hamlet* and the imagination, plus the showmanship, that went into his performances in *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, being currently exhibited at New York's Ziegfeld, and you have the wares of a great actor, an actor still moving forward, impressively on display.

TALK WITH Laurence Olivier as I did in the charming duplex apartment in Durham Cottage, Christ Church Street, London, in which he and Vivien Leigh have lived since their marriage, and he seems a fairly negative fellow, on the quiet side, for the first half-hour or so. But once he warms up to you and to a subject — it can be the theater, Shakespeare, New York, or American football — and the magnetism of the man becomes instantly

apparent. For many minutes during my visit, as we sat in the candlelight and enjoyed a hot supper at midnight, Olivier remained silent. Miss Leigh, a woman of beauty, charm, with ambition and all the social graces, chattered on in her bewitching way of *Gone With the Wind* and the city of Atlanta, of her feeling about *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, and of her enchantment with the Swedish manor house of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin. Then, gradually, and well before we reached the brandy-and-coffee stage, the rehearsal-weary Olivier had completely relaxed and was talking along in this fashion:

"It's every kind of lunacy, doing *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra* at the same time, but we're doing them. It's remarkable how the two plays are joined. There are some glorious purple passages in the Shakespearean play; it abounds in riches . . . I always like getting back to New York, I must say . . . I was paid \$400 a week when I was there with the Old Vic. That wasn't enough to pay our bill at the St. Regis."

He admitted great fondness for Sheridan's *The School for Scandal*; he regards Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed* as a much warmer play than the same author's *The Lady's Not for Burning*; he has great respect for Sidney Kingsley's *Darkness At Noon* as a play, but feels that it

would be risky for London. He finds himself almost inarticulate when he comes to speak of his great affection for Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic.

Where does Laurence Olivier go from here? What's ahead of him? His success in the films has been simultaneous with his stage achievements and although the theater will always be first with him he will certainly go along with screen activity from time to time. He would probably like his appearances in the New York theater to be more frequent; perhaps an ideal arrangement would be to play a Broadway engagement every other year. His success in the field of management has been negligible. Something of a challenge lies for him in that direction. It's conceivable that he has thirty more years before him as an actor and I'm sure that, when he thinks of plays for the future, it's always done with Vivien Leigh in mind. Considering any play there is always this question — what's in it for Vivien? She is afforded two great roles in the Shaw-Shakespeare double bill now available in New York.

The Olivier-Leigh marriage is a historically happy one. They enjoy their work, their home, their travel, their frivolities, their great companionship. There is a positive reverence for the Oliviers, as artists and a couple, in London. They're asked everywhere; people fairly

fight to visit them in their Christ Church Street flat and at their country place, an old abbey turned into a comfortable home. The Oliviers, aside from their great talent, are very human and very gay — and they frequently forget that they're Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier. They've never taken their knighthood too seriously.

THERE IS SUPPORT for my thesis, "Laurence Olivier, the greatest living actor," from people of the theater — from the players themselves, from the outstanding producers, from the great directors.

Take the word of the brilliant and stagewise Elia (Gadge) Kazan, who has directed such magnificent plays as *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Death of a Salesman*. "That guy Olivier," remarks Kazan, "is a wonderful mimic and singer of comic songs; he's a storyteller, a terrific low comic. All of this, combined with his capacity for great and serious acting, and you have something terrific."

And then there is the comment of Guthrie McClintic, one of the ablest directors in Broadway's history. "Laurence Olivier," he says, "is the greatest actor because of his innate genius. Not great because he works hard — lots of people work harder — but because of his instinct, his genius. It's always been there. He also has something else — a capacity for infinite pains."

DOWN TO EARTH

Near and Far

ALAN DEVOE

A NATURALIST has two worlds for contemplation.

One of them is a very large world, the planetary world, this spherical earth of ours, as it might be seen by one standing off somewhere in outer space and taking in the view of the whole slowly turning, slowly circling ball of star-clay, with all its teeming freight of creatures. In this huge all-over and far-stretching view, a naturalist's look encompasses the hippopotamuses lazing in their African mud-wallow, the foxes capering under the moon in snowy New England pastures, sea-birds wheeling and crying around the Orkneys, bats in Panama, dingos in Australia, a garden slug on a Sussex vine. This sweeping view of the whole pageant and parade of animaldom is also a tremendous time-view: aeon after geological aeon passing, as it were, under the observer's eye, from the first stir in the first earth-slime to

the Now of the rising sun this morning. This world of a naturalist's contemplation has at least three million different species of animals in it, at least fifteen thousand species of just birds, more than two thousand species of just the creatures called snakes. This naturalist's world is huge, thronged, and stretches in space and time for gigantic distances.

The second world for a naturalist's contemplation is a very different world indeed. It is the world into which he may step, as one going on a safari, by just opening his front door. It is the world, perhaps only a hundred yards long and a hundred yards wide, of his own lawn and garden, in which, instead of a thronging multitude of such strange beasts as elephants and auks, there is perhaps to be found only the one familiar mammal, a chipmunk, or the one homely bird, a sparrow or a bluejay. This second world of a naturalist's con-

templation is the immediate world of here and now: "nature" reduced to smallness and intimacy, the parade and pageant of animalldom become just *this* animal, on the window-ledge, the time-view contracted to just now, this instant.

It is the paradox of a naturalist's situation that the first of his worlds — the great, grand spreading one, the one that encompasses all lands and seas and skies and forests of all the earth, and that covers a time-span of hundreds upon hundreds of millions of years — is in a real sense fairly easy to get to know a good deal about; whereas the second world, the world of the actual patch of earth on which his feet stand, the world of this chipmunk scurrying from the familiar rosebush to the familiar oak tree, and of that bluejay perching on the fence-post and crying *Beadle-beadle!* as it has cried *Beadle-beadle!* every morning for months and years, is a world requiring the devoted observations of a lifetime before a man can lift himself out of the category of ignoramus.

"The world," meaning the whole of it, can be packaged after a satisfying fashion in a bundle of lore that anybody, who has the taste for it, can pretty well acquire in the course of years of reading, study, travel, converse with specialists, and similar modes of acquiring knowledge. But the world of Right Here — this chipmunk, that bird, this earthworm directly beside our shoe-sole — well,

that world is so small, and can be peered into with such directness, that it is too big for us.

WHEN A NATURALIST is in his boyhood, he starts out, naturally enough, by asking questions. He finds himself overcome with astonished delight at the adventure of being alive on this earth, and he is immediately full of bedazzled curiosity. This is certainly an amazing planet, all right. How long has it been going on? Where did all the animals come from? How many different kinds of animals are there? What a fabulous creature is a bird! Gee whiz, how big do birds get to be? Golly, I wonder what a whale weighs?

If the boy whose spirit is set ablaze with these wonderings persists and makes a career of it, he becomes in time the sort of man called a naturalist. By one means and another, over the long years, he picks up the answers to all his far-reaching questions, and after a while he gets his facts fused together in a pattern in his mind, and presently he has come to be truly knowledgeable about the Great World. It becomes part of his habitual thinking to see our earth in its wholeness, and he may very well come to say with complacency, and even some justice, that now he knows about natural history. How big do birds get to be? Well, the weight of an ostrich weighed at Pretoria on June 14, 1951, was thus-

and-such. (A naturalist keeps abreast of the literature in his field, and gets museum bulletins and zoo bulletins and *The Journal of Ecological Science* and God-knows-what-all.) How old is this world? Well, the problem is quite simple. According to Heffle-finger's researches in uranium-disintegration in lower Bavaria . . .

That's the way it goes, learning to know about the Big World. With application, a naturalist can pile up a staggering trove of data. It is a far from ignoble way to spend a lifetime; and it would take a churlish critic indeed to pooh-pooh this sort of erudition. There is a way to real wisdom in it, and it is good stuff. But if a naturalist cherishes his complacency, if he enjoys his eminence as a natural history Pooh-Bah and distinguished Know-it-all about animal-life, he had better be careful to keep steady in his concentration upon this Big World alone. He had better be very wary indeed of the Little World of here-and-now, the world outside the window. For as soon as a naturalist acknowledges that there are really the two kinds of worlds, and extends his claims to the little one as well as the big one, he runs a fine chance of being undone by the first small child or the first honest-hearted village simpleton who comes along.

When did mammals come into being on this earth? I knew the answer to that question as well when I was seventeen years old as I do now.

As a matter of fact, I knew it better; because then it was a kind of fact that I carried around in my head, and on the tip of my tongue, as part of a stunning multitude of similar facts carefully learned and assimilated, and nowadays I generally have to check a fact like that in a reference book to make certain it hasn't become fuzzed and falsified in memory. The age of the mammals? Why, approximately forty or fifty or maybe sixty million years. Behold: the naturalist has spoken. Is it not wonderful to know so much? He is a great man. But let him beware, oh let him beware indeed, the small child or the village idiot. These have not learned to respect Erudition. They have not advanced to the point where they think about the Big World at all, or entertain wondering inquiries about the physiology of hibernation or the manifestations of positive thigmotaxis. The small child advances upon the naturalist — lying back so luxurious upon his piles of reference works, his years of learning — and says:

"Mister, I have been watching that chipmunk over there on that rock. What is he thinking about?"

As flummoxed politicians are fond of saying: that is a good question. It is such a good question that many a learned mammalogist, trailing eight honorary degrees after his name, may well reel back before it and turn white as a sheet.

There advances upon the natural-

ist the village simpleton, and says with earnest eagerness:

"Mister, I would like to know the answer to a couple of other questions too. This morning I saw a woodchuck climb up a very tall maple tree. Why did he do it? And tell me this: When that mother robin feeds her babies in the nest in that tree out there, how does she make sure all her babies share equally in the food? Eh, Mister?"

IF YOU ARE careful to stay at home, and not know children or the simple-hearted and straightforwardly unawed, you can persuade yourself that you have become quite an eminent naturalist indeed. You are alone, in your grandeur, with your matchless knowledge of the Great World — its geological ages, its phyla and classes and families and genera of living things. You can say to yourself, and without any unreasonable pretension, I know a lot. But once face the fact that you live, too, in the Little World, and — well, it means starting all over again. It means we have to humble ourselves abjectly. It means that a naturalist has to confess himself, frankly and freely, a very beginner. More, it means facing that he will *always* be a beginner; for the solemn and tremendous fact is this: the things to be learned about a dooryard chipmunk stretch to infinity. The immeasurably great is in the smallest. The whole established lore of natural his-

tory has not pushed back more than an inch or two the frontiers of knowledge about the humblest and most familiar mouse squeaking his small squeak in our cellar.

Every now and then somebody says to me: What keeps you going on, day after day, poking into the same old hedgerows, trudging the same old woods and pastures, examining and re-examining the same old birds' nests, thinking and re-thinking the same old problems about the animals of everyday? It must all get very monotonous and overfamiliar?

Well, no; and any other naturalist must answer no who has stepped beyond a knowledge of the Big World and undertaken to have a crack at examining the Little One. For the Big World stretches very far, and is easy to see; but the Little World is here with such a blaze of closeness that it nearly blinds us, and we must look and look again to find the answers to the questions that have the terrible directness of simplicity.

A naturalist has two worlds, the far and the near, the great and small. In the one, he can be a big man and know lots. In the other, he must find himself little and very ignorant. But he can find there, too, adventurings for all his days. For there is no adventure more immense than when, as Thomas Huxley put it, a man reels in his pretense, and addresses himself to what lies just around him, and humbly "sits down before fact like a little child."

Draughts of Old Bourbon

**MEMO
to**



General Eisenhower

William Bradford Huie

DEAR GENERAL:

In the December issue of *The Mercury*, sir, you will recall that I undertook to give you some advice. I did this only because I am busy talking with Americans while you are busy in Europe, and because I hope that you, either as the Republican nominee or as a supporter of the nominee, can be a powerful instrument for the defeat of the Truman Administration in 1952.

Moreover, sir, I am writing you because I have the feeling that some of these people who are managing

your political affairs may be making mistakes, and they may be leading you into errors with certain inaccurate representations.

I believe you'll be interested in some of the reactions to my first letter, as well as in some further observations of the last few days.

On December 14, on my television show, Representative Hugh Scott, who is rounding up delegates for you, attempted to interpret some of your views. He did a fair job; he made friends for you; but he committed one serious tactical

error. He showed up at the studio, where there were forty to fifty persons including newspapermen, accompanied by his dinner companion, one Mr. Arthur Goldsmith. Do you know Arthur Goldsmith? Well, personally I have nothing against him. He's a pleasant, garrulous, old party who lives in the privileged sanctuary at the Waldorf and who has enough money to dabble around in elections. He and I are friendly; he likes to recall that I introduced Harold Stassen to him back in 1943, which I did.

But here's the rub, general. At this particular moment Mr. Goldsmith can't be anything but poison to you, and Mr. Scott ought to know it. Mr. Goldsmith's closest political friend is Judge Sam Rosenman, Roosevelt's speech writer. He played around with Willkie, and, to millions of Republicans, he's the sort of "Me, Too" exponent who's worse than Truman.

The most damaging criticism of your candidacy, sir, is that you are "another Willkie," or "another Dewey," or "a stalking horse for Truman," or some sort of gaseous One-Worlder who is being promoted by a Goldsmith-Rosenman cabal in order to enervate the Republican Party.

The reputations of your handlers lend plausibility to this criticism. Governor Dewey, always a cold one, is not at present popular among Republican professionals; Senator

Lodge is a nice boy but a maverick; Senator Duff is ineffective outside Pennsylvania; and the same can be said for Mr. Scott.

What you'll have to do — and soon, sir — is to get back over here and save yourself from your friends.

NOW ANOTHER of your supporters who isn't doing you any good is the "inside" man, John Gunther. In *Look* magazine he wrote as follows:

Two friends helped General Eisenhower in the editorial revision of his book, *Crusade in Europe*. They were Joseph Barnes, then the foreign editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and Ken McCormick, representing Doubleday & Co., Ike's publishers.

Is this true, general? Is Joe Barnes your friend, and did he help you with the book? If so, did you know at the time that at least four witnesses had identified him before Congressional committees as a member of some Communist-front organization? Did you know that Barnes was a long-time friend of Frederick Vanderbilt Field, and that Soviet Intelligence regarded Barnes as one of "our men"?

This is serious, sir. At least fifty of my readers sent me copies of George Sokolsky's column in which he really worked you over on this point. In fairness to your supporters you should clear this up at once, even while you are still in uniform. If Barnes is your friend, and if you

don't expect to turn your back on him as President, then I certainly don't want to be caught voting for you.

A bit of intelligence that is hurting your cause is the story of how you saw Mr. Hoover several years ago and inquired as to how he went about getting the Republican nomination in 1928. According to this story, what you wanted was to be able to get, not just the Republican nomination, but perhaps *both* party nominations without a fight.

General, do you now understand how such a procedure as this is not desirable, and how it could be an outright disservice to the nation? We have a two-party system because there are at least two sides to every issue. We need argument and controversy in this country; we don't need "unity." There is plenty of unity in Russia, and you can be an effective American political leader only if you have a definite philosophy for meeting the challenges of our time.

Some of your critics say that you lack such a philosophy, that you have no deep convictions, that within twenty-four hours after you make a decision you can sell yourself on an opposite decision.

Other critics say that even after you start talking about issues, you'll straddle on everything but mother love and the beautiful isle of somewhere. I don't believe this, but I'm advising you as a well-wisher —

disarm these critics with your first statement. Don't let them catch you shilly-shallying. If you do, you'll never take any of Senator Taft's delegates away from him.

IN AN ARTICLE in this issue of THE MERCURY the journalist, Robert Ingram, who has spent the postwar years in Europe discusses some of the errors which you were a party to in 1945. And my mail is full of reminders of mistakes which many Americans are convinced you are guilty of. You know what they are:

1. That you laughed with Elliott Roosevelt about "thinning out" the Germans.

2. That at the request of Justice Jackson at Nuremberg, you suspended the Treaty of Geneva and the rules of land warfare.

3. That on September 10, 1945, you surrendered the American line of communications into Berlin to the Russians.

4. That you didn't oppose the State Department Russia-lovers who, in 1945, wanted to give the Russians bases in the Mediterranean.

5. That you refused to release Protestant and Catholic clergymen who had been drafted by the Nazis for military service late in the war.

6. That when an offer was made by the Germans to surrender to General Patch, of the Seventh U. S. Army, early in 1945, you unwisely rejected the offer and are,

therefore, responsible for all the casualties suffered after that date.

7. That you have never, either in your capacity as an army commander or while you were at Columbia University, taken what most Americans regard as proper action against known Communists. The fact that you had Joe Barnes working on your book is offered as evidence to support this charge.

If you have made any of these mistakes, sir, here is my advice as to how to handle them. Don't follow Acheson's policy of claiming that you have been right all the time. Just take them one by one and admit them; tell the American people that you made some honest mistakes, that you listened to some bad advice, that you have learned better, and then go on to your present positions. This is not only the honest procedure; it is also the politically expedient procedure.

IN OUR TELECAST over the Columbia network Congressman Scott tried to interpret some of your views. Here are a few of the highlights, with my comments.

Mr. Scott declared that you were consulted by President Roosevelt before the conference at Yalta and that you opposed most of the concessions made to the Russians both in Europe and in Asia. He cited *The Forrestal Diaries* as evidence that you avoided even the mistakes that General MacArthur

made. MacArthur, misled by intelligence reports on the remaining strength of the Japanese in January, 1945, recommended concessions to bring the Russians into the war against Japan. You, however, according to Mr. Scott, made no such recommendation; and you distrusted the Russians completely.

If you can establish, general, that you didn't approve Roosevelt's mistakes at Yalta, that you never believed in the cooperate-with-Russia policy, and that you halted the armies of General Patton and General Simpson with the greatest reluctance and only on orders from the President — if you can do all this, sir, then your critics will have to take a lot of backwater.

You, of course, have heard the rumor about General Patton's diaries. According to the rumor, Mrs. Patton is supposed to have threatened to publish the portions relating to you in the event you should ever run for the Presidency — and, according to the rumor, this would be shattering to you. A few months ago when I asked Mrs. Patton about this, I'm sure she denied that she had ever made such a threat, and I believe she denied that such material is or has ever been in existence.

Most Republicans — Senator Hickenlooper, of Iowa, has expressed this view to me — believe that Congress should specifically repudiate for all time the "nefarious agreements" entered into by Roose-

velt at Yalta. Hickenlooper would like to have them branded as "illegal, with no force and effect."

I believe, sir, that a statement by you in support of Senator Hickenlooper's position would be most effective with Republicans and Southern Democrats.

I questioned Mr. Scott regarding your possible responsibility for any of Truman's policies in either Europe or Asia. He replied that you had specifically declared to him on more than one occasion that you had not subscribed to any of the policies made by either Roosevelt or Truman; that in all cases you had been only the military instrument of these policies; and that, once out of uniform, you would feel free to criticise these policies.

This is most important, general, since all your critics have made the point that, since you have been a party to the policies of Roosevelt and Truman, you would be unable to attack them. You obviously must attack Truman, and Mr. Scott seems positive that you intend to attack him in a way that will please the most bloodthirsty Republican.

YOUR RELATIONSHIP with General MacArthur, sir, is most important to the protest movement. For the last few months there has been uneasiness over the possibility that General MacArthur might refuse to support you if you won the Republican nomination, or might

even attack you if you sought the nomination. A number of persons, some of them from Texas, have gone to MacArthur to urge him not to do this — and even to try to make certain that MacArthur will support you if you are nominated.

The most recent reports from the MacArthur sanctuary are that the general is somewhat less than enthusiastic about your candidacy, but that he is not bitter and that he probably would make a speech or so in support of the Republican ticket if you gave him the necessary assurances.

I questioned Mr. Scott on your attitude toward MacArthur, and he went to some length to explain that you have great admiration for the general, and that you, no doubt, would support him for the Presidency if he should be drafted by the Republican convention.

And this brings me to what was probably the most important tactical blow struck by Mr. Scott in your behalf. I asked him if he were certain that you were a blown-in-the-glass, Truman-hating Republican, and he replied that he was. I then asked him if he were certain that, in the event Senator Taft should win the Republican nomination, you would openly support Taft against Truman. His answer was:

"I am quite certain that General Eisenhower expects to give vigorous support to the Republican ticket in 1952."

**Mercury Readers Please
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